

THE SCOURGE.

DECEMBER 1, 1811.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, WILLIAM HENRY,
DUKE OF C——E.

The humble petition of DAME DECENCY ; sheweth

THAT your petitioner was for many years a distinguished favorite at your father's court, and a constant attendant on the person of your virtuous and venerable mother, who still vouchsafes to your petitioner her patronage and protection : that from the courtly sanction and the example of her majesty, your petitioner and her parent MORALITY were exalted to a high degree of public estimation, and were received and honored among the votaries of fashion ; that a constant observance of respect towards the character of your petitioner was almost a necessary passport to distinction ; that her avowed enemies Impudence and Indecorum were banished from the circles of courtly elegance, and even those who hated the person of your petitioner, and secretly conspired to undermine her reputation, were compelled to abate their malice under the garb of hypocrisy, and to vent their discontent in secret or inaudible murmurs.

2. That thus securely established in the favor of her sovereign, and the respect of the fashionable world, she beheld without dismay, several partial attempts to weaken her influence, and degrade her character: to the studied insults of the Grosvenors, and the Kingstons, she observed a profound and indignant silence, conscious that undisguis-

ed indecency will always be gazed upon with virtuous abhorrence by the British people: even the final attachment of your royal brother, the heir apparent to the throne, excited in her bosom no sentiment of alarm; your petitioner presided over the union of the prince to the object of his affections with supreme authority; their cohabitation was sanctioned by her presence, and where the torch of Hymen had not waved, the influence of *Decency* was acknowledged.

3. Even in the abandonment of Mrs. F. and the nuptial alliance of your royal brother, your petitioner was respectfully consulted, and continued for a short but glorious period a distinguished guest at the abode of conjugal felicity; but with the nuptial unhappiness of his royal highness, the security and importance of your petitioner were visibly diminished: on the return of his former mistress, she no longer found a welcome at Carlton-house, or honor among the distinguished admirers of the prince; yet she still retained her dignity and authority at St. James's, the favourite of the courtly circle, and the ornament of every drawing-room. Attended by her Virtue had immediate admittance to the presence of majesty, but without her sanction, Rank, and Wealth, and Influence, were driven from the gate, and left to mingle among the Townsends and the A——s.

4. That at length the enemies of your petitioner have been gratified; that she has been driven from all those haunts, of which she was so lately the brightest ornament, and is subjected to the daily insults and derision of the votaries of fashion; that since the indisposition of the sovereign became so alarming, as to render his recovery doubtful, her constant residence at court has been insufficient to protect her from the open violence of the fashionable world; that she is no longer to be found in the society of our nobles, nor is permitted to form the manners, or direct the conduct of their families; that though she is still received at Carlton-house with becoming courtesy, her visits are permitted as visits of

convenience, rather than welcomed with the ardour of family attachment; that she looks forward with no other prospect than that of being formally excluded from the society of the noble, and the habitations of the virtuous; that even where every other individual of her family is admitted as a constant guest, her place shall be usurped by Indecorum; and that though she may linger out a forlorn existence in the cottage of the peasant, or the habitations of the clergy, the time is not far distant, when she must bid a melancholy adieu to the shores of Albion, and nothing shall remain to testify her former presence but the "*shadow of a name.*"

5. That it is not without the most profound sorrow, and the most respectful reluctance, she ascribes this change in a considerable degree to the persecutions of your royal highness. Where Indecorum is the presiding deity, Decency can only be the object of neglect or insult. Under the auspices of your petitioner's most dangerous enemy, you invited the wives and daughters of the English nobility to receive the condescensions of an actress; and beneath her shrine you taught the offspring of your illicit intercourse to proclaim the infamy of their own birth, and the inattention of your royal highness to the admonitions of MORALITY. Already she foresaw her degradation; but as your children advanced in years, her fears were more evidently justified, and more fervently excited: their introduction into the gay world beneath the guidance of Indecorum, completed the ruin and disgrace of your unfortunate petitioner; and nothing remains to her in this deplorable situation, but to exhort your royal highness to compassion; to implore that by discontinuing your persecutions, you may yet afford her some chance of immediate safety and of future honor, and to entreat that under the auspices of Discretion, the habitation of your royal highness may hereafter be the blest and most favoured abode of

DECENCY.

And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

Since the subsequent article on the *fracas* at Worthing was put to press, we have become in some degree acquainted with the arguments by which the advocates of the duke, attempt to justify his introduction of the Fitzclarences to the notice of the great world. The princes it is said are prevented by certain impolitic restrictions from becoming the parents of legitimate children: to form connections therefore that possess every requisite of marriage except the legal formalities, is natural and excusable; not to display towards their offspring the warmest demonstrations of paternal love, would be as criminal as indecorous; and the reception of their sons and daughters into the circles and families of the higher ranks, though it may possibly be a satire on the great and fashionable world, is only a proof in the princes themselves of an ardent and becoming affection for their children.

To all this, it is natural to answer at the outset, that the courtesies displayed to the illegitimate offspring of a prince are not voluntary because they are officious. It is sufficient that the wishes of a son or brother of the king, are generally understood to secure their gratification. In the less exalted ranks of life the *by-blows* of a private individual, maintain the rank of their father, only amongst his domestics or dependants; but the whole of the great world, from the highest to the lowest of its gradations, is so intimately connected with, and subservient to the court in matters of etiquette, that a female of rank would as willingly resign her daughters to prostitution, as refuse her countenance to the *protégé* of a Sussex or a Clarence. It is likewise evident that by apologizing for the duke on the plea of natural affection, we virtually assert the propriety of demanding the homage of the great world to a prostitute, or a female bacchanal, merely because she is or has been the mistress of a prince. It is "*natural and excusable*," that he should wish to honor the father of his children; a woman may be the mother of his children and the object of criminal love, who has none of the virtues that are improving, or the

accomplishments that are pleasing to fashionable society ; yet fashionable society will sacrifice all their antipathies to the wishes of a prince ; and a Carey, or a S——, becomes the visitor or the companion of a M—— or a R——.

It would not be thought a sufficient apology, for an individual of the middle classes, who wished his daughters to be received on a footing with the legitimate offspring of his friends, that his income being too confined or too precarious to permit his formation of a matrimonial engagement, he had entered into a union which might be dissolved in case of a change of fortune, that this union had been prolific, and that he felt excited by natural affection to obtain for his children the sanction of respectable intercourse. His dependants, indeed, would, like the fashionable circles in the present instance, and from the same motives, acquiesce in his excuses, and conform to his desires, but the independant and virtuous part of the community, would exclaim, “ if you are unable to marry, restrain your passions—if your passions be ungovernable, or you have been burthened with a family through thoughtless and occasional indiscretions, proclaim not at least your indiscretions to the public ; but while you display towards your offspring the affection of a father, permit them to pass through life in that humble obscurity which will best contribute to their own happiness, while it shades the weakness or indecorum of their parents, and the infamy of their birth, from the observation of the world.”

Supposing for a moment that the marriage of the princes under the restriction act should be facilitated by a future change in the situation of the European continent, what would be the result of having obtruded on the public notice their illegitimate children, and having contributed to their reception among the exalted circles of society ? The issue of their legitimate alliances will be rivalled, out-elbowed, and endangered by their spurious offspring ; or the latter will be compelled to avoid those insults and that neglect which they dare not resent, and will not endure, by retiring from those scenes, of which they are no longer the “ illustrious” idols.

But in reality the plea of necessity cannot be pleaded in extenuation of their forming illicit alliances. At the time of the Duke of Clarence's first connection with Mrs. Jordan, there were many continental princesses with whom a union would not have been derogatory to his father's dignity: it would only be a fair inference to say that he preferred adultery to marriage; but we will admit that many circumstances combined to render wedlock unadvisable; reserving to ourselves only the privilege of asserting that he *did* possess an alternative, and that having made his election he has no claim to indulgence or commiseration, as a man forced into the production of an illegitimate offspring by unconditional necessity.

But we will go farther than this, and contend that incontinence is not necessary to human happiness; and that if the princes were debarred by law from marrying at all, they would not be justified in sacrificing the morals of the nation to the gratification of their sensual appetites. The fellows of colleges are condemned to celibacy; yet who ever heard a dignified graduate of Oxford or Cambridge come forward and apologize for half a dozen illegitimate children, by pleading his inability to marry? We should say of a man who claimed the relation of father to such an offspring, that he was a profligate, and to him who boasted of his consanguinity, that his licentiousness was only equalled by his impudence. If princes are more liable to temptation, (which we are not inclined to credit,) their aberrations from the paths of duty are more portentous to the nation, which has a right to expect, (however seldom the expectation may be realized,) that they will stand forth as the champions of its morals and the guardians of its laws.

Those who contend for the necessity of illicit intercourse, virtually accuse the king and the houses of parliament of enacting a law for *the promotion of princely FORNICATION*. Our senators knew the frailty of human nature, but they not unnaturally presumed that a sense of duty and of self-respect would in an exalted mind re-

strain the vehemence and repress the exuberance of passion. They knew that a large proportion of mankind were restrained by sex, or profession, or situation, from the indulgence of sensual propensities; and they could not but ascribe as much of fortitude and philosophy to our princes, as to the ardent virgin, or the solitary priest.

But we will conclude with a question that we presume the princes themselves will acknowledge to be not entirely destitute of meaning, or unworthy of solution. If with them illicit intercourse be honorable, and illegitimacy no deduction from the claims of their offspring on society, why, on the same plea, may not the same indulgence be granted to their sisters? If they persist in contending that the sexual intercourse is necessary to existence, how shall we interpret the assertion so that it shall convey no insinuation derogatory to their paternal affection? or how will the advocates of the Duke of C. be able to demonstrate that it is not just as proper and as necessary that a royal female should surrender her virtue to the arms of a protector, as that the duke or his brothers should glory in adultery, or seduce a lovely woman to his arms on the plea of necessity, whom he may with impunity desert, in the wane of her charms, for some more youthful or more wealthy object of princely adoration?

H. C.

IMPROMPTU

ON A SELF-ADMIRING COXCOMB.

When Skeffy in the mirror views

His face, and swears 'tis all perfection,

Why laugh?—The practice surely shews,

He's always given to *reflection*!

TO MR. PERCEVAL,
ON THE UNFORTUNATE ROBBERY OF HIS DAIRY, ON
THE 20th OF NOVEMBER, 1811.

OH! cream of statesmen! Cease thy mourning,
Tho' thy dairy's lost its stores,
Tho' thy Lyddy's ceas'd her churning,
And her empty pans deplores!

The humble hut that lowly peeping,
O'er the hawthorn hedge's side,
Defies the storms that fiercely sweeping,
Raze the lofty mansion's pride.

In spite of philosophic praters,
Fate due discernment still displays,
And a thousand different natures
Teazes in a thousand ways.

From thee, she filched thy *strainers*, knowing,
That thou could'st *strain* a point unaided;
Thy sieves she stole, without them knowing
In sifting thou hast often traded.

Coolers alone of all thy show were
Behind her left; for well she knew
That in orations, we all know where
As thou grow'st *red*, thy friends look *blue*.

And lastly to disprove her blindness,
She stole thy milk, distilled in vain!
Convinced the "milk of human kindness"
Would in thy bosom still remain.

A PRIVATE FRIEND,
BUT A POLITICAL OPPONENT.

THE WORTHING EXPEDITION, OR MORE OF
CLARKE VERSUS ARMSTRONG.

SIR,

I FEEL too much respect for the candour as well as the ability with which your publication is usually conducted, not to be grieved at your late injustice to a female, who, whatever may have been her former indiscretions, deserves equal respect for her amiable qualities, and pity for the calumnious persecutions to which she has been subjected by the malice of her enemies. That in her peculiar situation she should be the object of immeasurable hatred to a great majority of those who possess any influence over the public opinion, was to be expected: one party hates her for the disclosures that occasioned the removal of the commander in chief, and the other for her firmness in refusing to submit to every species of dishonorable usage, and to acquiesce in the most brutal insults and the most flagrant injustice, from the man whose purposes she had served, and on whose honor she had so nobly relied. The editors of the public prints are eager to misrepresent her actions, because to do so contributes to their stock of scandal, and therefore adds to the number of their readers. But that *you*, who abound so copiously in genuine anecdote, that you have no occasion for the faculty of invention, and who have given such repeated proofs of political impartiality, should indulge in the same weak and unmanly aspersions, only affords a melancholy evidence of the omnipotence of prejudice over every feeling of the heart, and every endowment of the intellect.

You seem, Sir, to take it for granted that in the late dispute Mrs. Clarke was the aggressor; and that after cajoling Mr. Armstrong into a friendly intimacy, she hastened, as soon as "*she had served her purpose*," to proclaim the indiscretion of that gentleman to the public. Now in the first place, it was impossible for Mrs. Clarke to

conjecture that a gentleman who had not been ashamed of her society at Worthing, should be ashamed of having their intercourse proclaimed in a London newspaper. But the truth is that Mrs. Armstrong was the aggressor, and that she grossly insulted Mrs. Clarke, when she could no longer derive any advantage from her society. I speak from the best authority, when I say that Mr. Armstrong went to Worthing with Mrs. Clarke on *no other condition, and with no other expectation*, than that she should pay half the expences of a furnished house. For some weeks the intimacy of the two families remained undisturbed by any unpleasant occurrence; but as time advanced, Mrs. Clarke discovered that Armstrong was destitute of money, and began to suspect that she had been outwitted. Her suspicions were converted into certainty, by discovering that he shared the profits with the waiter at a gaming-house, and she therefore expressed in strong terms the propriety of fulfilling his pecuniary engagements, and her fears lest he should leave her to defray not only the rent of the house, but the whole expences of the excursion. To "pick a quarrel" was now their only resource, and this Mrs. Armstrong immediately adopted. The papers have given a false and ridiculous account of the Pandæans "coming before the window, at which stood the two females," Mrs. Clarke's retiring, &c.; but in reality Mrs. Armstrong was the only ostensible auditor of the itinerant minstrelsy. Mrs. Clarke's daughters, whom she educates with exemplary care, were in the house; and in order to annoy the young ladies, and distress their mother, the virtuous wife of the lieutenant commanded the Black Joke, with its vocal accompaniments, and other songs equally moral and equally delicate. Mrs. Clarke remonstrated, but without effect: at length the music ceased, and Mrs. Armstrong, with an unparalleled union of decorum and generosity threw the musicians a shilling! With this they were dissatisfied, and began to vociferate certain expressive epithets with more justice than politeness. Mrs. Clarke was irritated and astonished, and sent up a request that if

Mrs. Armstrong chose to corrupt her family by indecency, she would not disgrace their habitation by her meanness. Mrs. Armstrong flew into a passion, Mr. Armstrong blustered about the virtue of his wife, and they returned to London, transported with the success of their *manœuvre*.

Of all women Mrs. Clarke is the most decorous and most domestic. To accumulate falsehoods respecting her, and to visit her with unremitted persecution, is to withdraw every motive of amendment, and to deny the rewards of returning virtue. The scandalous falsehoods respecting her connection with Mr. Best the brewer, and all the other calumnies of the paragraph-mongers to the daily journals, are totally destitute of foundation, and serve to shew, in their most glaring deformity, the credulity and ill-nature of the most "virtuous and thinking people" of the universe.

A FRIEND OF MARY ANNE CLARKE.
Windsor, Nov. 13, 1811.

We insert the preceding letter, without pledging ourselves for the correctness of the statement it contains, because we know its writer to be in habits of daily intercourse with Mrs. Clarke; and because, if the aspersions on Mr. Armstrong be unfounded, our pages are open to that gentleman's reply, or to the observations of his friends. In our selection of articles it is our duty to consult the wishes of the public; but we fervently lament that any coincidence of circumstances should have rendered a correspondence between two such persons as Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Armstrong, a subject of anxious curiosity to the ENGLISH NATION. But prostitution is no longer disgraceful: the bastards of our princes participate in the honours of their legitimate offspring; and their concubines bear away the homage that in more virtuous times would have been the exalted reward of virgin innocence, or conjugal fidelity: our noble matrons become the guests of a Carey or a Jordan; and Miss Fitzclarence is received with the same testimonies of personal respect, that are observed towards the legitimate heiress to the

throne. When such is the ascendancy of vice, and the triumph of indecorum, what stimulus remains to fortify the energies of virtue, or give permanence to the forms of external decency!

THE HYPERCRITIC, No. IV.

MR. LANCASTER AND THE REVIEWERS.

HAVING traced the history of the new system of education, to the period when Mr. Lancaster thought proper to assume the title of *inventor*, we shall now enquire into the objections that have been urged against the statements of Dr. Bell, into the pretended improvements introduced by Mr. Lancaster, and into the possibility of communicating *any* religious instruction on the principles he has avowed. In the investigation of these subjects, we shall be principally indebted for our statement of facts to the authorities to which we have formerly referred, without acquiescing in the moral and political observations by which they are encumbered.

The first person who came forward to support Mr. Lancaster in his false pretensions was Mr. Joseph Fox, a dentist by profession, and author of a work upon the natural history and diseases of the teeth. It is to be hoped that this gentleman manages his "key instrument" more skilfully than his pen, and that he does not sometimes take hold of the wrong tooth as well as of the wrong argument. Mr. Fox, however, if not a successful controversialist, is certainly a bold one, for he begins his attack with accusing Dr. Bell of having practised the very same fraud against Mr. Lancaster, which Mr. Lancaster had actually practised against him. "Mr. Lancaster's school (he says) is taught by one master, the

Madras Asylum by a superintendent and four masters with salaries. The names of these **FOUR MASTERS** the doctor **PUBLISHED** in the first edition of his book, but **SUPPRESSED** them in the second, referring to this school with **FOUR MASTERS**, as if it had been a school with **ONE MASTER** only, and claiming *LANCASTER'S PLAN*, for teaching by one master, from this fictitious model." That that accusation may lose nothing of its force, we give it with all the varieties of small capitals, large capitals, and capital italics, that form the *alto aliezo* of its original typography.*

Dr. Bell's second publication was not a reprint of the first, it omitted some things, and contained many additions. Among the rest it omitted the testimony of the Madras government in favor of his system. The whole of these omissions were inserted in his fourth publication, which appeared after Mr. Fox's pamphlet, but in the same year, and which had probably been in the press at the same time. According to Mr. Lancaster and his partizans, Dr. Bell has made no discovery in education whatever; now what does Dr. Bell himself say in 1797, a year before Mr. Lancaster began teaching on the ordinary plans, and some years before he began to think of improving upon it? He announced it in the title-page, as suggesting a system by which a school or family may teach itself under the superintendence of the master or parent. He tells us, in the preface, that he published his account that it might be ascertained, by farther experiment, 'how far the *system* would apply to education in general;' that as he could only conduct the school, by instructing ushers in the conduct of such a seminary, or *by youths from among the pupils trained for the purpose*, he had for some time kept both objects in view, but was in the end compelled to abandon entirely the former, and adhere solely to the latter, and that his success had proved '*the superiority of the new mode of conducting a school, through the medium of the scholars.*' Of the masters he says, that

* See Quarterly Review, No. II. page 295.

‘none of them had made a progress in letters equal to boys of the first class, and that their duty was not to teach, but to look after the various departments of the institution. Finally, after pointing out the advantage of selecting teachers from the boys, he adds, “after this manner, the school teaches itself, and as matters now stand, *the schoolmaster alone is essentially necessary at this school.*” If Dr. Bell, therefore, be not the inventor of the new system, by which a school teaches itself, as Mr. Lancaster and Mr. Joseph Fox assert, they must at least admit that he supposed himself to have invented it, and published an account of the imaginary invention, several years before Mr. Lancaster dreamt of such an invention. If Mr. Lancaster, therefore, be indeed the first inventor of the new system, a miracle must have been wrought to defraud him of the credit due to his claim; but if there be no miracle on the one side, it necessarily follows, that there is the most consummate assurance and want of truth on the other.

As for the four masters at the Madras Asylum, whom Dr. Bell found there, and whom he retained there to look after the various departments of the institution, it is manifest from the accounts published in 1797, that the improvements were introduced not through them nor by their assistance, but in spite of them; and the manner in which Dr. Bell expresses this is so clear and so decisive of the point in controversy, that what he says must either be true, or it must have been written in the spirit of second-sighted falsehood, to defraud another man of an invention which was not yet made. But if the school at Egmore had fourteen masters instead of four, and they had all been actually employed as masters, in the common school-meaning of the word, still if Dr. Bell had publicly suggested, as he did suggest, a system by which a school may teach itself, and shew, as he did shew, in what manner a school must be organized to do this, he would have been the inventor of the system, whether he had ever carried it into effect or not;

just as the great improvement in navigation was made by him, who discovered the polarity of the needle, not by the man who first sailed by the compass.

The Edinburgh Reviewers and their coadjutors have selected from the writings of Dr. Bell a solitary passage, in which he denies the policy of teaching writing and arithmetic to the poor, and triumphantly compare his opinion upon the subject with the positions of Nandeville, The Quarterly reviewer is willing to defend Dr. Bell, on the obvious inconsistency of this passage with the whole tenor of his writings and his practice, and to account for its insertion by the Doctor's fears lest in the tumult of the public mind at the period of his first publication, he should have been mistaken for a jacobin, or a lover of innovation.

But the cause of justice requires no auxiliary explanations. Were Dr. Bell the most bigoted opposer of general education that this or any other country has produced, it would detract nothing from his merits as an inventor. He virtually says, "I have only a limited object in view : you carry your exertions farther than is consistent with my views of policy or humanity ; but the system I have adopted will answer both our purposes : I do not myself approve of teaching the poor to write and cypher, but if *you* think that they ought to obtain these acquisitions, I have shewn you how to effect your object." There is nothing in this language inconsistent with the most exalted benevolence, or in the least degree detracting from the merits of the system.

And now for the improvements of Mr. Lancaster. To his mode of teaching arithmetic we gladly yield our tribute of applause, though we cannot agree in the observations of the Edinburgh Reviewer, that it is a capital discovery, and that there is not any one science which may not be taught in the same way ; because it substitutes the mechanical operation of the memory for the exertion of the judgment, and exactly corresponds with the modes of misconstruing the classics by the aid of translations. The

sum is read by the monitor, and the boys write it after him: he then reads the key or solution of the sum, which they write in like manner, and the slates are inspected to see that no errors have been committed. The boys are afterwards ranged round an arithmetical card, upon the plan of the spelling cards, and then work the sums by head, which they do likewise on slates in the ordinary method, but without transferring them to the cyphering-book. When Mr. Lancaster banished the cyphering-book for the sake of *æ*conomy, he looked merely on the price of paper and thought of nothing beyond; its advantages are not confined to the repetition of the arithmetical process, the act of transcription, nor to the lesson in writing for which it serves. Boys delight in looking back on their work when it is thus embodied, and seeing it grow under their hands. If this feeling be fostered till it becomes a habit, what can be more beneficial to themselves and to society? They endeavour to do that neatly which is to be preserved, the cyphering-book is ornamented in a manner that will never be attempted on the slate, not only because the materials do not admit of the same nicety of execution, but because no unnecessary care will ever be bestowed on what is so soon to be obliterated—thus also the foundation is laid for a habit of essential importance to the individual and the community, the habit of doing their work neatly. For the sake of the ornaments of the cyphering-book, it was frequently preserved: to the son it became a point of comparison, and an object of blameless emulation; to the father it brought back the remembrance of his youth, and though the Arabians tell us that the remembrance of youth is a sigh, it brings with it something more profitable than regret.

How the badges and the ornaments of merit adopted by Mr. Lancaster are to be reconciled with the peculiar doctrines of the sect to which he belongs we know not: some of the early quakers carried their disapprobation of all distinctions of rank so far that they would not even

suffer an appearance of aristocracy in the alphabet, and therefore printed books without any capital letters. We cannot sympathize however in the alarm of the Quarterly reviewer, lest it should "deteriorate the feeling," by "making selfishness the spring of all our actions." Rewards are "presented to the scholar as motives," and punishments held out as warnings, in every old established school. To the custom itself, therefore, we can have no objection; but under the superintendence of Mr. Lancaster, it is conducted by machinery, at once cumbersome, and complex, and expensive.

His system of punishments, however, equally excites our astonishment and demands our reprobation. When the master observes a boy loitering or misspending his time, he writes upon a card, "I have seen this boy idle or talking, &c." gives it to the defaulter, and orders him to present it at the head of the school. On a repeated or frequent offence the lad to whom he presents the card *has liberty* (it is Mr. Lancaster's own expression) to put a wooden log round his neck weighing from four to six pounds. This instrument of punishment is so ingeniously contrived that while the boy sits in his proper position it rests on his shoulders; but the least motion displaces it, and it then becomes a dead weight upon the neck. If this be unavailing it is common to fasten the legs of the offender with wooden shackles, one or more, according to the offence. The shackle is a piece of wood, from six inches to a foot long, tied to each leg; with these fetters the boy is ordered to walk round and round the school-room. Sometimes the arms are fettered instead of the legs, the left hand tied behind the back, or wooden shackles fastened behind from elbow to elbow. "Any single kind of punishment, continued constantly in use" (says Mr. Lancaster,) "becomes familiar and loses its effect, but variety can continue the power of novelty." Proceeding on this principle, he has exerted all the power of his inventive talent in devising new and ingenious punishments. Sometimes the legs are tied toge-

ther ; occasionally boys are put in a sack or in a basket, and hoisted to the roof of the school, in the sight of all the other boys, who smile at "*the birds in the cage.*" This he tells us is one of the most terrible punishments that can be inflicted on boys of sense and abilities. Frequent offenders are yoked together by a piece of wood, that fastens round all their necks, they are then made to parade the school, *walking backwards*, "being obliged to pay very great attention to their footsteps, for fear of running against any object that might cause the yoke to hurt their necks, or to keep from falling down. Four or six can be yoked together in this way. Sometimes an offender is tied to the desk in such a manner that he cannot free himself, and thus left in the school-room after school hours." A truant has a label fastened to his neck, and is then tied to a post : if he repeats the crime, "he is sometimes tied up in a blanket, and left to sleep at night on the floor in the school-house. The advantages of these modes of correction are," says Mr. Lancaster, "that they can be inflicted so as to give much uneasiness to the delinquents without disturbing the mind or temper of the master." This, however, would be but a poor invention for Mr. Lancaster ; it would only be bringing him to the same state of tranquillity with the Dutch boor at the Cape, who when he sees his slave flogged, determines the length of the punishment by the number of pipes which he smokes the while, and looks on without feeling his mind disturbed, or smoking the faster. He therefore contrives to make punishment a matter of diversion and laughter to the spectators : having heard perhaps of the good effects which result from making an *auto-da-fe* a raree-show for the people, and the beneficial consequences arising to an English mob, from regarding an execution as a holiday, which in their own expressive language they call *hang fair*. "When a boy gets into a singing tone in reading, he is hung round with matches, ballads, or dying-speeches, and marched round the school with some boys before him crying matches, last dying-speech,

&c. exactly imitating the dismal tones with which such things are hawked about the streets in London." "I believe," says this great inventor of punishment, "many boys behave rudely to Jews, more on account of the manner with which they 'cry old clothes,' than because they are Jews." Having observed, we suppose, the good which contempt produces in this instance, he resolves, as the best way to cure the boy of the habit of reading with a singing tone, to exhibit him as an object of contempt to his comrades. It produces excellent effects, he tells us; it is sure to turn the laugh of the whole school upon the delinquent; it provokes risibility in spite of every endeavour to check it in all but the offender. When a boy is disobedient to his parents, profane in his language, has committed any offence against morality, or is remarkable for slovenliness, it is usual for him to be dressed up with labels describing his offence, and a tin or paper crown upon his head. In this manner he walks about the school, two boys preceding him, and proclaiming his fault.

When a boy comes to school with dirty face or hands, and it seems to be more the effect of habit than of accident, a girl is appointed to wash his face in the sight of the whole school: this usually creates much diversion, especially when, as previously directed, she gives his cheeks a few gentle strokes of correction with her hand. If a girl offend in the same manner, the same process takes place; her face being washed and clapped by a boy: sometimes she is led round the school, a boy going before and proclaiming her fault, and sometimes the girl is made crier, to proclaim the slovenliness of a boy. Punishments like these we are told are preferable to others more severe, and in common practice.

Of these inventions the whole and sole merit is with Mr. Lancaster, and we are certain that Dr. Bell feels no disposition to contest his claim. Can any man whose perceptions are not vitiated by party violence, seriously approve of punishments so cruel in themselves, so totally

destructive of amiable feelings, and so evidently calculated to excite the more malignant passions? Is it not plain that a boy, possessing the *liberty* of inflicting punishment on another, will always exercise that liberty to its utmost extent? Habituated to degrade their school-fellows, and to feel a pride in the execution of their office, the ministers of torment must feel an amusement of this kind almost necessary to their existence. Boys delight in the ridiculous: a day of good behaviour, in which a washing does not take place, or a boy is not hoisted to the ceiling, must be regarded as a blank: the continual exhibition of such scenes converts the school-room to a stage; and the thoughts of the boys must be continually reverting to the mummeries they have witnessed, or expect to be exhibited. Besides, how is the business of school conducted while an offender is "marching round the school with some boys before him, crying matches, last dying-speeches, &c.?" If the offenders be numerous, it is too evident that Mr. Lancaster's system is more distinguished by frugality of expence, than œconomy of time.

These objections we should presume are fatal to his system of punishments; but the arguments of the Quarterly Review are equally worthy of attention. Under the rod, he observes, the sufferer is at least encouraged to fortitude by his school-fellows, and is commiserated by them; but the natural consequences of a system which exposes him to scorn and outrage instead of sympathy is, that it exasperates him against those by whom he feels himself injured as well as insulted: for his offence is not against all his fellows; and this generates a resentful and malicious disposition, or it hardens him and renders him insensible to shame, the more likely and the more lamentable result. Such indeed is the peculiar absurdity of Mr. Lancaster's practice, that as the best boys are always most alive to shame, it renders punishment more severe, precisely in proportion to the good qualities of the offender. It would be superfluous to

point out all the follies, or rather all the abominations of a system, which represents it as an indulgence for one boy to have *the liberty* of acting as an executioner to another, and putting the log round his neck ; which trains up its pupils to find matter for mockery and laughter in the shame and humiliation of a comrade, making his pain their pleasure ; and which, by calling in the girls to smack the boy's faces, is so admirably adapted to encourage the decency, reserve, and modesty of the female character. Of the cruelty of the system we shall say nothing. When Mr. Coleridge, in a lecture at the Royal Institution upon the new system of education, came to this part of the subject, he read Mr. Lancaster's account of these inventions verbatim from his own work, and throwing the book down with a mixture of contempt and indignation exclaimed, " no boy who has been subject to punishments like these, will stand in fear of Newgate, or feel any horror at the thought of a slave-ship."

Mr. Lancaster insinuates (page 24), that he instils into the minds of youth " *general christian principles, and them only* ;" and in other parts of his work he endeavours to demonstrate the propriety of teaching only " those leading truths of christianity in the belief of which christians of every denomination coincide." But the absurdity of these pretensions and suggestions is so flagrant that we are almost ashamed to be the first who have placed them in their proper point of view. What are general christian principles, or truths, in the belief of which all denominations of christians coincide? Not the trinity of the godhead, will be the exclamation of the Unitarian ; not the divinity of Christ, of the Socinian ; not the inspiration of the prophets, of the Pelagian. For what purpose did Christ come into the world, is a very natural question ; yet how could it be answered without inculcating the doctrine of some peculiar church or sect?

Are boys never to converse on religious topics? and what can be the result of communication between two

boys of opposite persuasions but ultimate infidelity ? The son of a pious rustic, who has been trained up in reverential observance of the ceremonies of the church, and in awe of its pastor, is seated on the same form with the stripling visitor of a methodist conventicle, whose father has taught him to laugh at bishops as old women, and to scoff at the solemnity of the regular service as unmeaning mummary. No man can contemplate the possible result of circumstances like these to the religion, and consequently the happiness of the community, without an ardent feeling of gratitude towards the reverend and learned persons who have at length come forward to guard the safety of the church, and to benefit the cause of rational and genuine religion. That their efforts may be crowned with success, is a prayer of which those can estimate the fervency, who have borne personal testimony to the miseries attendant on infidelity or fanaticism.

THE REVIEWER, No. VII.

Letters of Anna Seward, written between the years 1784 and 1807. In six volumes. 1811.

To the student of polite literature, and the lovers of critical speculation, the correspondence of Miss Seward will be a copious source of literary enjoyment. Her letters abound in animated and ingenious strictures on the productions of her contemporaries ; and even those who revolt from her affectations of style, and her eccentricities of judgment, must admire the variety of her knowledge, and the intellectual activity by which her endowments and acquirements were called into display.

To the charms of unpremeditated eloquence or uncon-

scious sensibility, her letters have no pretension. They are not the confidential and unstudied effusions of an overflowing heart, and a warm imagination ; but the deliberate compositions of an epistolary *authoress* : of a female who sympathized in metaphor and mourned in antithesis ; who copied her "tear-bedewed" epistles into a letter-book, with all the coolness of a merchant's clerk, and complains of being overtaken by the post, in a letter which must have occupied many hours in its transcription.

The style of her correspondence is always forcible, but generally affected. Her most laboured sentences display the pomposity of the Johnsonian style, without elegance or harmony ; and the less assuming passages of her correspondence, rather please by the light of contrast from the more ambitious sentences that surround them, than by any peculiar charms of language or expression.

She was not deficient in those intellectual powers which contribute by their cultivation to form the refined critic, or the elegant versifier. But having ventured on "Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise," long before her judgment was matured, or her taste had received the necessary cultivation, she resolved to defend the faults she had committed rather than abandon them ; and fills her correspondence with arguments to prove the beauty and propriety of words and expressions which she would have been the first to censure, had not they found a place in her juvenile productions. Of such words as *swart* and *steely*, therefore, and such rhymes as *mars* and *verse*, she is a persevering advocate ; and pours forth a due proportion of the usual apologies for idleness or incapacity, under the usual pretexts of giving relief and variety to the cadence of her verse, and the termination of her couplets. Like the other disciples of her school, she supposes that perfection is synonymous with inequality ; and that the insipidity of a beautiful face, would be more perfectly relieved by some prominent deformity, than by the presence of intellectual expression.

From the same cause that gave birth to these peculiarities, it probably originates that she is an ardent admirer of very moderate poets, and that she professedly surrenders her judgment to her enthusiasm. She talks like many other poets and poetesses, who indulge in reciprocal flatteries, of "*cold, calculating*" critics, has a mortal antipathy to reviewers, and complains most bitterly of the insensibility of the age to literary excellence, and its envy of superior genius. But if we once resign the empire of reason to the dominion of unrestrained and intemperate feeling, where shall we stop? If the faults and deformities of a celebrated writer are not the legitimate objects of critical comment, of what use is literary discussion, or literary experience? No man of genius can, in that case, improve from the errors of his predecessors; the quibbles of Shakespeare, and the babyism of Wordsworth, must be as legitimate objects of imitation as their characteristic excellencies: to point out the deformities of Milton, or the indecencies of Walcot, is sacrilege to an ancient writer, and ill-nature towards a contemporary; Chevy Chase is declared by some suspicious critic to be a delightful composition; and he who does not allow it a place among the highest productions of human genius, is a *cold, unfeeling, purblind critic*; the prey of envy, or the victim of conceit.

Of the uncouth and inflated style which deforms every page of these volumes, the following examples, transcribed without selection, are sufficiently curious.—"Right glad am I that our fair friend is well married—Singularly and beyond my high-raised expectations beautiful, I did indeed find it." Vol. III. page 97. "I sigh over the fallen blossom that so lately bloomed in your vicinity, and sincerely commiserate Miss Dorothy Percy weeping over her sister's grave." III. 105. I feel myself much obliged and honored by a present from the bards of Devonshire and Cornwall, of their collected poetic *orbs*, and that the brightest star in the galaxy bends its auspicious rays on my muse, in a manuscript sonnet their harbin-

ger." III. 137. *Edenic* scenes, animalities, and other words and epithets, equally pedantic or inelegant, deform every page of her correspondence.

Her mode of narrating anecdotes is sufficiently lively and entertaining; and the few portraits of distinguished men, are not less accurate in their execution, than interesting from the personal celebrity of the originals.

Of Mr. Walter Scott, she says,

"This proudest boast of the Caledonian muse, is tall and rather robust than slender, but lame in the same manner as Mr. Hayley, and in a greater measure. Neither the contour of his face, nor yet his features are elegant; his complexion healthy, and somewhat fair, without bloom. We find the singularity of brown hair and eye-lashes, with flaxen eyebrows, and a countenance open, ingenuous, and benevolent. When seriously conversing or earnestly attentive, though his eyes are rather of a lightish grey, deep thought is on their lids; he contracts his brow, and the rays of genius gleam aslant from the orbs beneath them. An upper lip too long prevents his mouth from being decidedly handsome, but the sweetest emanations of temper and of heart play about it when he talks cheerfully or smiles; and in company he is much oftener gay than contemplative. His conversation, an overflowing fountain of brilliant wit, apposite allusion and playful archness, while on serious themes, it is nervous and eloquent. The accent decidedly Scotch, yet by no means broad. On the whole no expectation is disappointed, which his poetry must excite in all who feel the powers and the graces of Aonian inspiration.

"Not less astonishing than Johnson's memory is that of Scott: like Johnson also his recitation is too monotonous and violent to do justice, either to his own writings, or that of others."

VOL. VI. p. 338.

The admirers of Mr. Gifford, will feel some degree of astonishment at the subjoined portrait of a distinguished object of that gentleman's vengeance. It is in her best style:

"I ought to speak to you of an extraordinary being* who ranged amongst us during the winter, since he bears your name amongst us little folk, &c.

"The profession of this personage is music, organist of

* Mr. S. Weston.

Solihull in Warwickshire : in middle life ; his height and proportion mighty slender, and well enough by nature, but fidgeted and *noddled* into an appearance not over prepossessing ; nor are his sharp features and very sharp little eyes a whit behind them in quizzity. Then he is drest ; ye gods, how he is drest !—in a salmon-coloured coat, satin waistcoat and small-cloaths of the same warm aurora tint ; his violently protruded chitterlin, more luxuriant in its quantity, and more accurately plaited than B. B.'s itself, is twice open hemmed.

“ That his *capital** is not worth a single hair, he laments with a serio-comic countenance that would *make a cat laugh*—and in that ingenuousness with which he confesses his miserable vanities, as he emphatically calls them, he tells us that he had frizzed off the scanty crop three thousand years ago.

“ The loss is however supplied by a wig, for the perfection of which he sits an hour and a half every day, under the hands of the *frizzeur*, that it may be plumed out like a pigeon upon steady and sailing flight, and it is always powdered with marechall,

“ Sweet to the sense and yellow to the sight.”

“ A hat furiously cocked and pinched, too small in the crown to admit his head, *sticks upon* the extremest summit of the full-winged caxon.

“ His voice has a scrannel tone, his articulation is hurried, his accent distinguished by Staffordshire provinciality, and it is difficult to stand his bow with any discipline of feature. He talks down the hours, but knows nothing of their flight ; eccentric in that respect, and Parnassian in his contempt of the precision of eating-times as Johnson himself.

* We are sorry to observe this pedantic and affected use of the word capital in the travels of Dr. Clarke.

“ Now look on the other side the medal. His wit, intelligence, and poetic genius are a mine, and his taste and real accuracy in criticism enable him to cut the rich ore they produce brilliant.

“ He knows of every body, and has read every thing. With a wonderfully retentive memory, and familiar with the principles of all the sciences, his conversation is as instructive as it is amusing; for his ideas are always uncommon and striking, either from absolute originality, or from new and happy combination.

“ His powers of mimicry both in singing and speaking are admirable. Nobody tells a humorous story better; but in narrating interesting facts, his comments, though always in themselves worth attention, often fatigue by their plenitude, and by the suspense in which we are held concerning the principal events.

“ The heart of this ingenious and oddly compounded being is open, ardent, and melting as even female tenderness: and we find in it a scrupulous veracity, and an engaging dread of being intrusive. He has no vices, and much active virtue. For good dispositions he is greatly respected by the genteel families round Solihull, and for his comic powers doubtless his society is much sought after.”

Her attentions to her father during his state of lingering imbecility, were undoubtedly of the most tender and assiduous description; but she recurs to her filial affection too frequently. The recollection that her lamentations were composed for the public eye, deprives them of all pathetic power; and we feel no respect even for the most exalted emotions of a female, who laments with equal eloquence the death of her father and her lap-dog. “ I write to you (she says) beneath the impression of a *severe shock* from the sudden death in my presence of my darling little dog, by the breaking as is supposed of the aneurism in her throat, which had never seemed to have given her the least annoyance till the moment in which it destroyed her. Her life had been a three years' rapture, so cloudless

had been her health, so gay was her spirit, so agile her light and bounding frame, so pleasurable her keen sensibilities. How I miss her, constant and sweet companion as she was, it is not in every heart to conceive, or conceiving it to pity.---Giovanni laments her not less fondly, and her fate left no eye unwet in my little household. Her loss has spread the gloom of silence through this large mansion. Her incessant affection for me, her gentleness and perfect obedience, occur hourly to my remembrance, and

“ Thrill my heart with agonizing pain.”

III. 108.

Again, page 115. “ Oh ! What animal of her species, can replace the comfort and the pleasure of her impassioned attachment, and her uncommonly endearing qualities ;” with a great deal more about agonized grief, bitter tears, and gay sensibility.

She is always in an agony of joy, or grief, or sensibility, or admiration. Every private friend, or visitor, or correspondent of whom she has to speak, is, if a female, “ her charming friend, a woman of first-rate abilities and virtues ;” “ the lovely, dear, interesting creature ;” “ the all-accomplished, graceful, and captivating wife of her beloved H.”—She never receives a present of a fillagree work, or is honored by a bow from a passing currie but she is charmed, delighted, enraptured, or enchanted ; and it might be concluded from the loudness and frequency of her lamentations, over the pale emaciated forms and declining strength of her intimate friends, that they were all afflicted with incurable consumptions. Mingling but little with the busy world, and unacquainted with its more weighty miseries, and its more important vicissitudes, she is inexpressibly agitated by the most common occurrences of life. The death of her lap-dog, her journey to Mansfield Woodhouse, and the nuptial alliances of her country friends, are the themes of lamentation or rejoicing, even in her correspondence with the fashionable and literary ornaments of the metropolis.

Partly to the same cause, and partly to her avowed habit of surrendering her literary taste to the guidance of enthusiasm, it is owing that she expresses so profound a veneration for many provincial poets and literati, whose names have been scarcely heard beyond the circles of their own companions. She compares the sonnets of Cary to those of Petrarch, and exalts one Doctor Lister to an exalted station among the favourites of Apollo.

We had not the honor of a personal acquaintance with Miss Seward, and can only speak of her, therefore, as she appears in her correspondence. Judging from her letters alone, we should pronounce her to have been susceptible of ardent attachments, but on common occasions rather officious than sincere; vain but not envious, affected but not unfeeling. She was pleased with every one who admired her poetry; and her complimentary effusions, even when the most ardently expressed, are rather involuntary tributes of gratitude to skilful flattery, than testimonials of pure and exalted esteem. What value could be placed on the affection of a woman who falls in love with a female whom she had not seen, because she has "heard of her amiable qualities;" and compliments a correspondent, with whom she had some years before an interview of a quarter of an hour, on the many and valuable virtues of his heart?

Her enmity to Johnson bursts forth on every occasion, and in every variety of expression. He had spoken disrespectfully of her father, and asserted of herself that "she had nothing of the woman, but the vices." To pardon or forget an opinion like this, (though it did not originate with Johnson, nor was peculiar to him,) it would have required more than female fortitude to forgive: and she is therefore neither sparing of her abuse nor disinclined to its repetition. A hasty sketch, however, of the character of that celebrated man, will more than falsify many of her aspersions.

His charity, which was sincere and unbounded, alike proceeded from a principle of duty and from the natural

tendency of his disposition. He did not always consider whether his beneficence might be prudent, but whether it was necessary. One fourth of his income was appropriated to the purposes of benevolence; and his personal exertions were scarcely less extraordinary than his pecuniary generosity. Whatever might be his moroseness or his rudeness, in the general intercourse of society, he seems to have forgotten all the natural irritability of his temper, in the presence of those who were indebted to his kindness. In other men the conferring of obligations is but an excuse for supercilious insolence; in Johnson it was the most certain motive to delicacy and forbearance. He did not, like other pretenders to christianity, refuse his assistance to actual distress, because it might possibly be fictitious; or rest satisfied with doing nothing, because it was impossible to do every thing. What he had it in his power to give he gave with willingness; and however he might lament the poverty of his circumstances, he did not suffer those resources which he had to be unprofitably wasted.

His piety was fervent and unremitting. Whatever might be the nature of the pursuits in which he was engaged, or the society with which he associated, he never neglected or forgot the duties of religion. Those hours which were not occupied in study or conversation, were spent in the private offices of devotion. He did not deceive his own mind, or gratify his indolence, by merely attending the public worship of the church. He not only fulfilled the precepts of the gospel, but he exemplified and fulfilled them by his practice. "Prayer was all his business," "all his pleasure" virtue; and no day was suffered to pass before him without some act of "benevolence to man, or of reverence to God."

His "prayers and meditations" have been held up by men who pretend to the characters of philosophers, as the objects of admiring ridicule. To us they have always appeared as the most convincing proofs of his purity of heart, and his reverence for truth. He who believes the

precepts of the Gospel to have proceeded from the lips of a divine speaker, or the pen of an inspired writer, and yet imagine that the enthusiasm of Johnson was either contemptible or ridiculous, has profited but little from his study of the sacred writings. In *them*, we are commanded to "watch and pray;" to "work out our salvation with fear and trembling;" to "humble ourselves before the Lord our Maker." He, therefore, who ridicules the scrupulous anxiety and the fervent piety of Johnson, has but few pretensions to the knowledge, the enthusiasm, or the benevolence of the genuine christian.

It is probable, indeed, that the self-denial and the piety of Johnson were carried to excess; that he sometimes, through a mistaken zeal refused himself some innocent and necessary indulgencies; and that he made religion the object rather than the motive of his actions: but the same authority which commands us to be diligent in virtue, instructs us that it is more dangerous to perform too little than too much. He who learns to regard the more trifling duties of religion with indifference, will be easily seduced to neglect its more important interests. It may be foolish to imagine that the Deity can be pleased by our abstinence from any of the innocent luxuries of life; but such a belief, if it do not induce us to place an improper confidence in trifles, is as little injurious to our fellow-creatures as inconvenient to ourselves. A careful scrupulosity in little things is, at least, some security against our neglect of more important duties, and an unsuspicious proof of the fervor and sincerity of our faith.

He was certainly rude and imperious in conversation; but it should be remembered that he was perpetually harassed by the foolish curiosity or impudence of his visitors. For the last twenty years of his life, he was liable to annoyance from the stupidity of every literary block-head, and the impertinence of every fashionable trifler. He seems to have been considered as the property of the public. His natural disposition subjected him to the

necessity of continual intrusion ; he was miserable in solitude, and he was sometimes willing, therefore, to associate with coxcombs, without being able to endure their impertinence. Those who pretended to his friendship, were too apt to teize him with trivial and ridiculous observations ; and few of them had discernment enough to anticipate his weariness or indignation. He who is considered as the encyclopedia of conversation, as the convenient expositor of every doubt, and every difficulty, may surely be excused, if he sometimes be roused to resent the rudeness or the thoughtlessness of his hearers.

To the allegations of her correspondents, that his language is turgid, his words pedantic, and his manner "*monotonously pompous*," Miss Seward has the good taste and the good sense to observe, that they mistake the faults of his early writings, for the characteristics of his general style. If we were required to point out any production of English literature, which bore the most evident outlines of graceful facility, we should not hesitate in referring to the *Lives of the Poets*. If his essays be distinguished by majesty of period and magnificence of diction, his ideas and images are proportionably glowing and sublime. If (as we cannot admit) the characteristic of his writings be uniformity, it is uniformity of excellence. The writer who forms a style superior to that of his predecessors, must necessarily be distinguished by some peculiarity of phraseology and construction. Of those sesquipedalian words, which have excited so much ridicule and indignation, the number is comparatively insignificant ; and the felicity with which they are applied, is a sufficient excuse for their adoption. He who can enchain the attention of his readers, by the novelty of his thoughts, and the sublimity of his images ; whose slightest efforts of composition display the imagination of a poet, and the judgment of a philosopher ; and whose precepts have a powerful and invariable tendency to promote the interests of piety and virtue, may be willingly allowed to overstep those rigid boundaries of language, within which the Bowles's and

the Mackenzies are doomed to run their eternal round of unvaried and monotonous stupidity*.

EPIGRAM

on Mr. P. M.'s devoirs to Lady A—W——.

Lovely Ann, by Peter courted,
Affects to be by love transported,
And cries—"Weak woman that I am,
I shall die, should *Peter-sham*!"

DR. BUSBY'S RECITATIONS, OR, THE ART OF
OBTAINING SUBSCRIPTIONS EXEMPLIFIED.

WE beg leave to call the attention of our readers to one of the most shameless instances of puffing that have disgraced even the present age of medical and literary quackery. Without the apologies by which his poetical brethren attempt to palliate their offences against the taste, and their attempts on the pocket of the public, this doctor of music has surpassed them all in the art of forcing a subscription, and in the union of disgusting vanity with deliberate meanness. He has made an ineffectual but profitable effort to revive that system of literary subordination, in which "persons of quality" were the only true judges of fine writing; and genius had no expectation of rising into notice but by sharing its honors

* We shall take an early opportunity of investigating in detail, those charges of envy and injustice, so confidently advanced by Mr. Hayley and others against the *Lives of the Poets*.

with the noble and the wealthy. Fortunately, however, the days of Dorset and Montague are passed never to return: in the present age no man thinks the better of a poet because he is admired by a minister of state; the Doodles of the nineteenth century have no power of raising the Noodles to the preeminence of superior talent, but the cause of critical justice is strikingly omnipotent.

Of the means by which the doctor obtained so numerous an assemblage of respectable auditors, we have not been informed; but it is unfortunate that it did not occur to the worthy gentleman, that by the expedient to which he has had recourse, the same patronage and the same testimonials of excellence might be obtained to the most execrable doggrel that ever flowed from the pen of a modern Bavius. If practices like this be once admitted without disgrace to the character who adopts them, a *would-be* author has nothing to do but invite a numerous concourse of respectable persons to hear his recitations; when the course is finished his auditors cannot do less than compliment him on their excellence; their complimentary memorandum becomes the immediate pretence of a subscription; the just decisions of impartial criticism are overpowered by the authority of names, and the triumphant scribbler of doggrel appears before the world in all the splendor of a mighty genius!

DR. BUSBY'S NEW TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

In May, 1812, will be published, by subscription, in two volumes, quarto, dedicated, by permission, to the Right Honorable Lord Grenville, Chancellor of the University of Oxford; a new translation (in rhyme) of "THE NATURE OF THINGS," a didactic poem, in six books; by Titus Lucretius Carus, with preface, life of the author, dissertation on his genius, philosophy, and morals; and notes, comparative, illustrative, historical, and scientific. By THOMAS BUSBY, Mus. Doc. Cantab.

The Work to be printed on a beautiful wove royal quarto, hot-pressed, with an entire new type; to be embellished with heads of Lucretius and Epicurus, engraved by an eminent artist; and presented to the subscribers and the public in a form as CLOSELY RESEMBLING THAT OF THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF POPE'S HOMER as modern paper and modern fonts will admit!!!

Price to subscribers four guineas: (to be paid on the delivery of the work.) Price to non-subscribers five guineas. A few copies will be printed on rich imperial paper,—price six guineas.

Noblemen and gentlemen intending to honor this work with their patronage are requested to favor the translator with their names as early as convenient.

June, 1811.

Dr. Busby feels it to be not less due to the liberality of the numerous assemblage of distinguished and literary characters, who have attended the late recitations of the new version of Lucretius, at his residence, than flattering to the interests of his work, to publicly return them his thanks for the honor they conferred upon him on the last evening of recital, (June 1st, 1811,) when the following resolutions, *utterly unexpected by himself*, were moved by John Woodcock Fisher, Esq. and unanimously passed:

“Resolved,—That this meeting, having heard read the six books of *Lucretius*, as translated by Dr. Busby, has received the highest intellectual gratification, being of opinion that they contain the genuine sense of the author, clothed in the most appropriate and impressive language, such as cannot fail to transmit the British Muse to posterity as a worthy concomitant to the Latian.”

“Resolved,—That this meeting presents its warmest thanks to Mr. George Frederic Busby, son of Dr. Busby, for the just and discriminating manner in which he has recited the aforesaid six books, doing equal justice to the poetic fire and ingenious reasoning of the author, and the classical and perspicuous elucidations of the translator.”

THE NATURE OF THINGS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

INVOCATION.

PARENT of Rome! sweet Venus! source of love!
Whose joys voluptuous gods and mortals prove;
Who gladst the earth, the sea, all things that lie
Beneath yon spheres that glide the spacious sky;
From thy blest pow'r all beauty, being, flows,
Life springs to light, and pregnant nature glows.
Thee, goddess! thee the winds and tempests fly,
Clouds at thy presence quit the bright'ning sky;
The teeming earth exerts her genial pow'rs,
In fair profusion spreads her sweetest flow'rs;
The smiling seas in gentle waves appear,
And glory gilds the tranquil atmosphere.

When youthful Spring salutes the cheerful vales,
 And soft Favonius wakes his genial gales,
 Pierc'd by thy flame, gay birds in ev'ry bow'r
 Feel thy approach, and hail thy sacred pow'r:
 Exulting herds o'er laughing verdure play,
 Rush through the rapid streams, and boundless stray
 Rapt into bliss by thy inspiring charms,
 Thy sweet allurements, and thy soft alarms,
 All nature burns thy pleasure to fulfil,
 And waits, enraptur'd, on thy heav'nly will.
 Through seas and streams thy kindly pow'r prevails,
 O'erspreads the mountains and pervades the dales,
 The bow'ry mansions of melodious birds,
 And open pastures of rejoicing herds;
 Darts through each kindling breast love's melting rage,
 And all things renovates from age to age.

Thee, whom all nature's joyous works obey,
 Whose smiles from chaos called primæval day;
 Thee, in whose absence ev'ry lustre dies,
 All beauty vanishes and pleasure flies;—
 Thee I invoke: inspire me while I sing:
 To Memmius' ear eternal truths I bring.
 Memmius, sweet goddess! whom thou design'st to grace
 With all endowments to adorn his race:
 For him, blest deity! inspire my tongue,
 Immortal beauty pour into my song.
 Meanwhile, by sea, by land, bid discord cease,
 And bless the world with everlasting peace.
 Thou, thou alone, canst peace bestow; for Mars,
 Armipotent, sole arbiter of wars,
 Bound by th' eternal wound of love, reclines
 On thy fair breast, and all his soul resigns;
 With fondly-eager looks admiring lies,
 And drinks celestial transport at his eyes;
 Pants o'er those charms which ev'ry wish employ,
 Tastes thy ambrosial lip, and sinks in joy.
 O, fairest goddess! while thy heav'nly arms
 Infold th' immortal whom thy beauty warms,
 In melting words thy soft persuasion pour,
 And peace, sweet peace, for mighty Rome implore!

SIR,

"I have taken the liberty of troubling you with a specimen of, and proposals for publishing, a work honored with the approval and pa-

tronage of the erudite chancellor of Oxford, and a numerous assemblage of characters of rank, and distinguished literati, who have attended its late recital.

"Permit me, Sir, to inform you that I have been sedulous to render this version of the noblest of the Roman poets honorable to myself, and worthy the sanction of my country; and that Lord Grenville, judging from his perusal of the first book, is pleased to think that it will not only do credit to the translator, but (to use his lordship's words, in a letter to me on the subject) form "a valuable acquisition to the stores of English literature."

"I am not unconscious, Sir, that some apology is due from me for this intrusion upon your attention; but you will, I trust, reflect, that, though science and the fine arts may look for their reward to the taste and munificence of private friends, polite literature is necessitated to seek its remuneration from a more expanded resource,—the refined and liberal classes of the public at large; and that only a very extensive circulation can remunerate the labour and expense of a work that aspires to merit a place in select libraries, and to accompany our standard translations of the classics.

"The numerous applications consequently indispensable to the success of a publication like the present will, I trust, while it palliates the freedom I am using, excuse the informality of addressing you through the medium of the press.

I have the honor, Sir,

36, Queen-Ann-street-West,
Cavendish-square, London.

To subscribe myself,

Your very obedient servant.

"Should you, Sir, be disposed to patronize this arduous undertaking, I will thank you to apprise me of your kind intention as early as convenient, that I may have the honor of including your name in the next impression of my list."

(Here follows a list of subscribers.)

The specimen itself, with all its profusion of common-place epithet, and all the laboured formality of its diction, we gladly leave to the criticism of our readers, contenting ourselves with the passing observations, that of his noble and "erudite" auditors the most fastidious would lay aside their severity, and the most dissatisfied repress their displeasure, at a private recitation, and that of those who warmly admired the production as it flowed from the lips of the reciter, the greater number might feel some disposition to retract their opinions when a deliberate and unbiassed perusal had enabled them to examine it with minuteness, or to institute a comparison between it and its great original.

HEREDITARY BRAVERY; OR EXPEDITION EXEMPLIFIED.

On Mr. Thomas Sheridan's avowing his Intention of displaying his Prowess on the Peninsula.

Ashamed of loose inglorious ease,

Cries Tom "I'll tempt the *dangerous seas*,

And on Valencia's plains lay low,

With vengeful arm, the miscreant foe."

At twelve, the wondering guests discover,

Their gallant chairman *half-seas over*!

ANTICIPATION EXTRAORDINARY, OR NEWSPAPER COMMENTS ON MR. PERCEVAL'S MILK-PAILS.

Extract of a Letter from the Surveyor of the Dairy to the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, dated Ealing, November 20th, 1811.

SIR,

I HAVE the honor to inform you that a corps of burglarians entered last night the village of Ealing, and proceeding by secret routes to the back of the dairy, effected an entrance into that valuable depository, and took from thence seven milk-pails, eight strainers, nineteen ladles, and fourteen coolers, with which they accomplished their retreat, having consumed or destroyed the contents of the pans and every other article which they were unable to carry off.

I have the honor to be, &c.

J. CHEESEMAM.

On the above heart-rending intelligence we shall make no comment: the feelings of the people of England will do justice to our sentiments. Wearied as we almost are

with unavailing arguments against the corruptions manifest in every department of government, we cannot but feel some degree of pleasure at the elucidation of our opinions so strikingly afforded by the above intelligence, for the truth of which we pledge ourselves, and which exclusively appears in our columns. How many, alas! are the poor victims of taxation and oppression to whom one fourth of the spoils of Mr. Perceval's dairy would have afforded the means of welcome and ample sustenance! How many agonizing groans have rent the hearts of the English people, that the depository at Ealing should be supplied with milk! We would boldly ask the sapient chancellor of the Exchequer, from whence he acquired the MEANS OF ESTABLISHING A DAIRY AT ALL? We confidently aver that every drop of cream in his coolers has been wrung from the udders of the English nation; nay, *we throw down the gauntlet* to this great little man, and ask him, while the blush is still mantling on his cheek, and his lips turn pale, whether the very strainers that became the prize of bravery and valour, were not paid for out of the money of the people! Come forth then; nay hide not your head: plain downright guilt is visible in your countenance; and you are fairly dragged into day by

JUNIUS ALTER.

Independent Whig, December 7th.

The late occurrence at Ealing, in which the milk-and-water chancellor of the exchequer sustained so invaluable a loss, is well calculated to undeceive the partizans of the Perceval administration, respecting the supposed stability of their patron. The emancipation of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, will enable him to testify the discernment and resolution which have always been the ornaments of his character: he will no longer permit the reins of empire to be swayed by men, the chief of whom is unequal to the management of a dairy; nor trust the defence of a mighty empire to individuals, who have been

found wanting even in the guardianship of their domestic habitations. We have the best authority for asserting that the reception of Mr. Perceval at Carlton-house, on Monday, was markedly cold and formal; so much so indeed as to give the true friends to their country the best hopes, that a few weeks shall not have elapsed before the councils of the Prince Regent are guided by other men, than connoisseurs in custards and dupes of dairy-maids.

Morning Chronicle.

It is with the most heartfelt satisfaction, that we insert in our preceding columns an account of the late attempt on the dairy of Mr. Perceval at Ealing. So admirable had been the arrangements of the chancellor of the exchequer's servants, under his own immediate superintendence, and so regularly conducted is every part of his spacious mansion, that although the burglars were evidently of the most desperate and needy description, they could not venture to attack any other part of the premises than the dairy, nor seek for any other plunder than a few milk-strainers. So well aware were they, in common with the whole nation, of Mr. Perceval's vigilance and sagacity, that though every exertion has been made to trace the plunder and the plunderers, no discovery has yet been made: a *blessed* proof that their dread of the exalted person on whose property they had committed such direful depredations, has overcome all the usual thoughtlessness and impudence that in common cases lead to detection. In addition to other particulars, we have the ecstatic gratification to record from our private letters, that the precipitate retreat of the villains was occasioned by Mr. Perceval himself, who in defiance of cold and luxury, started out of bed on hearing their conversation, and with great promptitude exclaimed, *who is there?* That the tools of faction should as usual convert this splendid incident into a theme of aspersion on the minister, and insult to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, was to be expected; but we hope and trust the designs

of a base party will be disappointed, and that the prince will participate with a grateful nation in those *feelings* of heart-*felt* satisfaction, which our narrative is so well calculated to excite. How must our direful foe gnash his teeth in the anguish of disappointment, when he is informed of the success of this impotent attempt on the domestic sanctuary of our beloved prime minister; and how must he wish that a weak and malignant party were elevated to the situation, which is now, so much to his terror and dismay, fulfilled by men whose vigilance and activity are awake even to the most trivial events, and on the most common-place occasions! Proud indeed is this happy nation in the possession of men, who shew, even on occasions such as this we have described, that they are always awake to danger, and that they are equally gifted by personal intrepidity: affording a beauteous proof, that when Gallic enmity approaches the habitations of England, we have a minister who knows how to oppose them, and the sound of whose voice may frighten vice and depredation into a panic-struck desertion of their spoils, and a precipitate retreat from the first foot of ground on which they may seize in the spirit of ruthless avarice!

Morning Post.

“ Who shall decide where doctors disagree ? ”

EPIGRAM

ON BLOOD-STAINED LAURELS.

M—— exclaims with lofty head,
That in his country's cause he's *bled*;
'Tis true: for once the young curmudgeon,
Was 'prentice to a *naval surgeon*!

MRS. SUMBEL, MRS. SIDDONS, AND MRS. JORDAN.

HAVING already detailed the outlines of Mrs. Sumbel's history, we shall now proceed to embody those reflections which naturally suggested themselves on its perusal. The memoirs of an actress may afford as copious materials for useful comment as the life of a minister of state; and the charges she has brought against her own family, and against many of the most illustrious of her professional contemporaries, require an investigation proportioned in its extent to the probable effect of her representations on their estimation in society.

We had entertained the most sanguine hopes that before the appearance of our present number, some counter-statement respecting their treatment of Mrs. Wells would have been given to the public, by her daughters and her sons-in-law. The charges against them have been widely circulated, and are apparently so well supported by the documents adduced, and by the consistency of her narrative, that her readers will naturally construe their silence into a confession of guilt, or a proof of the most obdurate insensibility. Mrs. Aclam (she says) was written to, but she never thought proper to return any answer; perhaps she conceives her marriage with Mr. Aclam has raised her so high in life above the situation of her unhappy mother, that it would be too great a condescension to look down upon her: but whatever sophism she may call to her assistance, to aid her in forgetting the ties of nature, she can never alter the fact of her birth; and whatever troubles or miseries my destiny ordains me to go through, my first appeal is to heaven, to ask if I really deserved such treatment from those children. However, although they thus suffer me to be buffeted about by the waves of misfortune, and to remain sunk so low in the scale of being, let *them* rise never so high, "*I am still their mother.*"

Her children and their husband will no doubt

reply with some degree of truth that she was violent in her temper, indecorous in her manners, and addicted to certain unfeminine excesses; that pecuniary assistance seldom afforded her substantial benefit, and that all intercourse was strictly forbidden to the young ladies by their father. But had she been the most degraded outcast of society, her vices or misfortunes would not have palliated the unfeeling indecorum of Mr. Timothy Ford, who if the subjoined anecdote be true, is a much more miserable object of compassion than the unfortunate mother of his wife. "My necessities," she says, "at length became so great that I was obliged to apply for relief to the Theatrical Fund, which was granted me, and to which I contributed for many years. Mr. Fawcett, the secretary, with a great deal of humanity, wrote to my eldest daughter, that he was sorry to inform her I was under the necessity of applying to the fund for relief; and as most of the performers on it had friends, who joined their assistance to the institution, he had not a doubt but my daughters would contribute, as it was impossible I could live on so small a pittance: at the same time adding that a *trifling* sum yearly from each would greatly alleviate my situation.

"To Mr. Fawcett's astonishment he received the following answer to the kind and benevolent letter he wrote to my daughter (Mrs. Ford) in my behalf; whom he as well as myself ever conceived entertained the most dutiful affection towards me.

"SIR,

I am sorry to inform you that I cannot shew your letter to Mrs. Ford, in the present situation of her mind, on account of the recent death of her sister Mrs. Warsop, but it shall be laid before Mr. Topham.

I remain, yours,

Wolds Cottage.

TIMOTHY FORD."

"That the death of my daughter should be communicated to me, in such a manner, who had ever been to

tender a mother, was a dreadful blow to my feelings. Had Mr. Ford possessed one atom of sensibility, conjugal or maternal love, or even a regard to the common forms of ordinary life, he might have spared one solitary moment to communicate to the mother of his wife the sad catastrophe; for whatever may have been *her* faults through life, her children have nothing to accuse her of." She details many other instances of filial insensibility, for which no remembrance of her maternal errors can apologize.

Her repeated outrages, however, on the feelings of the Kemble family: her effusions of ill-nature against Mr. Taylor, and every other gentleman who would not comply with her repeated intreaties for free houses and free admissions; and above all her indelicacy towards Mrs. Jordan, and her publication of that lady's correspondence cannot be received with any other emotions than disgust. Mrs. Wells is one of those beings who forget themselves, and then being forsaken by the world, come forward with complaints of unkindness, and exclamations of ingratitude. She never appears to reflect that the notorious and the wealthy may have many claimants on their attention and generosity, somewhat more deserving than herself. On the kindness of Mrs. Jordan she had not the slightest claim: she was at the outset of her career afraid of Mrs. Wells, because she believed her to have some influence over the theatrical articles of "the World;" she never professed the warmth of friendship, or engaged in confidential intimacy; yet when she writes to Mrs. Sumbel in the Bench, she always expresses herself in terms of courtesy and respect; and if she put that lady "to the trouble of sending a messenger five different times from the King's Bench prison for her subscriptions to the Memoirs, and even then money ran so short in the house that she was obliged to sell out of the funds to procure the immense sum," Mrs. S. should have remembered that there were other and more important claims on the purse of Mrs. Jordan than she could assert; that it is pos-

sible for an actress to be poor; that to subscribe at all was an act of service; and that a feeling mind would at least have delayed complaint, till the obligation had been returned! As for her sarcasms on Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, "envy will merit as its shade pursue;" and any observations on the supposed indiscretions of the latter, come in a shape peculiarly ungracious from a female, who never excited the wonder of her friends so much as when displaying some faint regard to prudence and decorum.

But we gladly turn from so invidious a theme to those more pleasing anecdotes which are occasionally interspersed in the progress of her narrative. Among the most interesting *ghost* stories with which we are acquainted, the following narration may justly be numbered: the character of the principal witness is above suspicion, and it may be regarded as a curious puzzle by many on whose feelings or imagination it obtains no influence.

"While *The World* was in being, the house in which Mr. Topham and I resided in Beaufort-buildings was the constant resort of men of high literary character; and among the number, we had the pleasure of reckoning Miles Peter Andrews, Esq. who had been the friend of Mr. Topham from his youth. He may be justly ranked among the first of poets and men of genius and literature; but all his learning and accomplishments have never enabled him to mend his temper, which is almost as inflammable as his Mills at Dartford, and to be exceeded by none in the kingdom but *my own*. I should not have introduced his name in these pages, it being somewhat extraneous to my subject, but to mention a circumstance that I heard from himself; which as I ever knew him to be a man of veracity and strict honor, I have every reason to believe true; and as it explains some circumstances respecting the death of the late Lord Lyttleton, Mr. Andrews's intimate companion for several years, never before made known to the public, it may not be uninteresting to my readers.

“ A few nights previous to Lord Lyttleton's demise (as mentioned in his biography attached to his poems,) soon after he had got into bed, he saw a female at the foot of it with a dove in her hand, and beautifully arrayed in white, who told him in a very impressive manner, to prepare himself for death, as the third night from that period, exactly at twelve o'clock, he should depart this life. His lordship, who had ever led a very gay one, conceiving it was some female who had got into his room, and had said so merely to jest with him, jumped out of bed; but to his astonishment found the door fast, and no person in the room except his valet, who was fast asleep in a recess where he always lay. Greatly alarmed at the circumstance, it made a deep impression upon him, and he determined to put off a visit he was to have made to Mr. Andrews that very week: the night which the spectre prescribed as his last, was the very one he was expected to sleep at Dartford. On the fatal evening his lordship had several of his friends about him, who amused themselves with looking at the family pictures till the hour of twelve o'clock arrived. As some of them regarded it as a phantom of his lordship's brain, they privately put the clock forward a few minutes. As soon as it struck he turned round to all who were about him, and said, you see I have cheated the ghost. Upon which he went up to bed, and his valet brought him some trifling medicine to take, but had forgotten a spoon to stir it: he sent him down for one, and on his return found him actually a corpse on the bed. He looked at his lordship's fine stop-watch, and found the hand exactly at the stroke of twelve o'clock.

“ Mr. Andrews finding his lordship did not come down on the day promised, which was the very one on which he died, could not imagine the reason of it, and had retired to rest somewhat before twelve. He had not been long lying down, when the curtains of the bed were drawn open, and he saw his lordship standing before him, in a large figured morning-gown, which always remained in the house for his lord-

ship's sole use. Mr. Andrews conceiving that his lordship had arrived after he had retired, as he so positively expected him on that day, said to him, "My lord, you are at some of your tricks, go to your bed, or I will throw something at you." The answer he returned was, "*It is all over with me, Andrews;*" and instantly disappeared. As there was a large clothes-press at the foot of the bed, he conceived his lordship had got into it, and rose to see; but he did not find him there. He next examined the night-bolt on the door and found it fast; and he saw by the candle he had not been long in bed, or otherwise he might have conceived it a dream. He rung his bell and enquired of his servants where Lord Lyttleton was; they said they had not seen him. The night-gown was next sought for, and found in its usual place. Mr. Andrews knew not of his lordship's death till next day, when letters from London announced it to have taken place exactly at twelve o'clock the night before. As must naturally be supposed, the circumstance and the loss of his friend made a very great impression on Mr. Andrews, and affected him for some months after, as he is positive to his being awake at the time it happened, and of the appearance of the phantom.

"Upon taking an impartial review of the business, the circumstances connected with Lord Lyttleton's death are on record, well authenticated by people of honor, veracity and high rank; and that he died at the exact hour of twelve, is beyond a doubt. With respect to Mr. Andrews, he is a man of strong mind, stored with the most elegant accomplishments which literature, a refined education, and a good understanding, could give it: his character as a man of honor and of truth has never been impeached; while his ample fortune has placed him above the petty cavils, or petty necessities of chequered life: therefore, under these circumstances, we can have no reason to suspect Mr. Andrews of telling any thing but what he really saw.

"Whether Lord Lyttleton's death is to be attributed

to a divine source, or not, I cannot pretend to determine. But many people suppose, as he was found with a stop-watch in his hand after his death; and by it, it was exactly twelve; the idea of the time not being passed, which was ordained to finish his existence, gave him such a shock as to cause his immediate death from the fright."

Her explanation of a report which obtained at one time very general belief, displays in a striking point of view the credulity of the English public.

"About this time it began to be rumoured abroad that I was under the protection of a great personage at Kew, and actually believed by many. A gentleman whom I met one *morning*, positively asserted to my face, that he was certain it was a fact; and as he is the very *chronicle* of news, it must have had a considerable circulation after it reached him. He generally derives his information from the most authentic sources; but for the first time, I must accuse him of being incorrect. I most solemnly protest it never was the case, and at the time it is so confidently reported that I was under such protection, I was living at the farm-house on the Wolds, where I paid half-a-guinea a week for my board, without a shoe to my foot, in the manner I have just mentioned; when being indebted four pounds, I was under the necessity of returning to London, which I did in company with a Mr. and Mrs. Rugby, who were good enough to give me a seat in their carriage, and shew me every attention and politeness on the road.

"On my arrival in town, I was not a little surprised to find myself so warmly received by all my acquaintance, I was waited on by a number whom I as much expected a visit from as the Great Mogul, or the Cham of Tartary. Several people called upon me to beg my custom. I was *honoured* with many a significant nod in walking up the Green Park, and in fact I wanted nothing but peace of mind and money, to make me completely happy.

"Petitions now poured in to me from all quarters, and

many letters to know if there were any answers to the petitions which were sent in, while I was in the country. All this was to me, as yet, an enigma, till one day I met a female in the street, who gave me to understand she had taken the liberty of sending a petition to me at Kew, and begged to know if she might hope for an answer, and that there were many left for me the same day. I requested she would explain herself; and was informed by her, that it was the general opinion, that I had lately resided at Kew in favour of a great personage, and that many letters and petitions had been directed to me under such an idea. I set off immediately to get the different papers lying there for me, and I was not a little astonished to find that a person resided near the town, whose features somewhat resembled mine, who had assumed my name.— Could I have descended to do a base action, I had then a most favourable opportunity, the report having been so generally believed. Going one day into a jeweller's shop about some trifle, the man received me with the most marked politeness, and pressed me to take a pair of diamond earrings of great value. I assured him I never should be able to pay him for them, when with the significant nod and insignificant grin to which I had been lately so accustomed, he assured me I might command all in his shop if I pleased, &c."

On the whole, though we cannot approve of the book-making arts to which Mrs. Sumbel has had recourse, in the manufacture of these volumes, we can recommend them as far more edifying and entertaining, than nine-tenths of the novels that are received with extacy by the readers of circulating libraries, and can honestly declare that they are much better worth a guinea than "Self-control," or "Brighton in an Uproar."

THE MUSICAL DEBTOR.

Poor ——— by a hard-hearted vintner arrested,
 Swears he never will owe him a half-penny more :
 Yet I do not believe him ; for well 'tis attested,
 That he always was very *expert at a score*.

LUCIUS.

THE HISTORY OF THE LATTER YEARS OF THE LIFE
 OF THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS THUMB; ONE OF THE
 PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO HIS MAJESTY
 OF LILLIPUT; BY HIS AMANUENSIS.

This curious and valuable production, the result of many years labour and reflection, was published at Mildendo in the 1811th year of the Lilliputian era. Of the means by which it came into our possession, it is unnecessary to speak : suffice it to assure our readers that even the late production of Mr. Trotter cannot display more convincing proofs of authenticity than those which are to be found in the style and matter of this important volume. In all the qualities indeed of the biographer and historian ; in modesty, fidelity, profundity, and elegance, the author before us may claim undisputed equality with the historian of Mr. Fox. Simplicity of diction, a noble detestation of egotism, an ardent attachment to truth, depth of thought, and eloquence of expression, are *equally* visible in both these performances ; and were the quarto of the Lilliputian historian as ponderous as the octavo of the Hibernian biographer, a comparison equally flattering might extend to their respective degrees of proficiency in the art of book-making.

“In recurring to the time when the sun of health and felicity shone upon the residence in which Thomas Thumb and myself spent so many happy days, days dear to my heart, fancy glows with the retrospection ; but death has shaded the colouring of the scene, though its beauty remains. Alas, that Rango Taylub should live to record the virtues of Thomas Thumb !

"Destined of becoming (page 2,) the wonder of Lilliput, he was indeed a great man : he never appeared to be happy in any one's company but that of his wife and me ! But he was not only a great statesman but a man of taste. He thought my letters were sprightly, and contained some good effusions. The renowned ——— was in comparison with him only a maypole to an oak. I have, however, no desire, in stigmatizing one of these persons that the other may be elevated. Peace to both their *manes*, though Mr. Thumb was surely an extraordinary man.

„ He used to take me out with him in his chariot, which was painted yellow on a pink ground. He had a peculiar partiality to pink : his observations on colours were worthy of his comprehensive mind. Often would he descant on the beauty of the rose ; observing with exquisite discernment, that the hue of that flower was much more agreeable to the eye than that of the Dandelion or P— a—b—d. In these excursions he would gaze benignantly on the sky, and exclaim ‘Taylub, what do you think of the weather ; will it rain ?’ His manner on these occasions was wonderfully impressive, and his eye beamed with complaisant benignity. I was never so happy as in these interesting moments.”

“Our journey to the capital of Blefescu was welcomed by all the inhabitants of the towns and villages. As soon as we entered the capital the national guards forgetting their duty in their enthusiasm, left their emperor alone, and crowded in raptures round the person of Mr. Thumb. I must not forget however the details of our progress from the coast, since any journey undertaken in the company of so great a man should be described with adequate minuteness. Mountains should be described because he passed by them, whether he saw them or not ; and I boldly claim the liberty of detailing the antiquities of every town that was honored by his presence. I this day observed (61) a potatoe on the ground, which had a picturesque effect. As I travelled along we read the love epistle of Glumdalclitch to Mr. Thumb's great

great grand-uncle Mr. Gulliver. He did not seem to believe in giants; and I discovered that his capacious mind had rejected with disdain the fabulous account of his relative's adventures.

"Mr. Thumb endeavoured to make me as pleasant as possible, and by the help of reading we did *not* find a solitary moment. (62.) We saw at the entrance of the town a cap of liberty. I could not avoid indulging in the most profound reflections. People given to murmuring will always be discontented. Fallen monarchs (thought I) have not so much power as great ones. Yes, I exclaimed, though this cap of liberty do not cover the iniquities of the nation; still, still it remains, and perhaps it may not hereafter be entirely useless as a *night-cap*! As we approached Leldrel the prospect was new, for we had never seen it before: I put the book into the pocket of my small-clothes, and looked forward that I might see before me. (65.) The reader will please to remember that the great Mr. Thumb was along with me during all these observations, actions and reflections."

"A general treated me with several wines, that I thought delicious. Mrs. Thumb, Mr. Thumb and I, then went to the gallery of pictures. Mr. Thumb thought the production on the right of the door-way, more beautiful than that on the left, and No. 7 much more characteristic than No. 8. He admired the tints of a beautiful landscape, by a painter, whose name I have forgot; and remarked of the work of a great master, that the sky was somewhat too blue. (*passim*.) We returned to dinner; and this great man, complimented on all sides, seemed not to hunger after praise so much as for the dinner before him." (73.)

"We took an airing to a neighbouring royal residence. I rather think that we put down the blinds; but on recurring to my memoranda, I find that the passage is blotted. (74.) However this be it cannot be doubted that we were charmed with the prospects. I felt in my small-clothes, but the book was gone; however the flow of conversation was always so great as to prevent my read-

ing. At the inn where we stopped, we witnessed the ghost of greatness on every chair and sofa that surrounded us. There was also a piano-forte in the room, terribly out of tune. As I observed this, Mr. Thumb stood by me, and therefore I remember it with *afflicting regret*. (76.) It occurred to me here, that an idle dissolute life is by no means so happy as an active one. I recollect a monarch very much admired by every body else; but as for ME, I never thought much of him! (76, 77.) As for Mr. Thumb the lovely volume of nature was always open to his extatic embraces.

“Next day, I am pretty certain that we put up the blinds (83); yet this did not prevent me from seeing the flat and uninteresting country! (84.) The weather was hot; at night the moon rose. We left one town and came in sight of another. I could not help exclaiming, I have never seen this city before, and therefore I shall see something new to me! Houses are erected by human industry; and the greater their number, the more industry has been employed. (86.) I intreat the reader to remember that all this while I was the companion of Mr. Thumb, and had the best opportunities of observing his character, and recording his conversation.”

“On returning to the capital, we visited a palace, which did not accord with the noble taste of Mr. Thumb; and a church, of which he observed the walls were too massy. Several of the window-panes were broken.”

“The next day a person dressed in a so-so suit of clothes and without powder, gave Mr. Thumb a call. As I am not in the habit of attending to such persons, I took at first no notice of him; but Mr. Thumb received him with attention, and told me that he was the famous patriot Belmentelu! Oh, good ghost of *bienseunce* why didst thou no whisper into my ear, that Belmentelu was before me. ‘Oh blessed Belmentelu!—thou super-human, glorious, armipotent, what shall I say? nay even, great hero!—thou who beneath tyrannic vengeance, remorseless of success, didst shine with brightest ray upon the fathomless desert that

lays spread with victims, yet didst in glorious paths thy steady footsteps keep steadily fixed to one great point—the basis of eternal, never-ending freedom; who stalked in liberty's train more conspicuous than herself, brave and great, and generous Belmentelu! I absolutely gaped with admiration of thee, and thirsted with desire to embrace thee!" No sooner was I undeceived than his threadbare coat became of the finest satin, and I paid him as much respect as if he had been dusted with mareschal, and dressed in robes of ermine." (230.)

"Mr. Thumb was very fond of society that it was not necessary to entertain or find conversation for, and in such parties therefore he was wonderfully entertaining and conversible." (236, 237.)

"The heat yet extreme, yet such was the indefatigable activity of this great man, that he rode full one sixth of the distance that is walked *over* every day, by the common individuals, to read an actual fourth of a Lilliputian newspaper. So great was the appetite for literary research, and so indefatigable the personal activity of this extraordinary man." (250.)

"We were introduced to the levee of the emperor by our ambassador Mirthphull! What a name for a representative of a nation so melancholy as ours. There were several ambassadors from other countries. One smiled, another shrugged his shoulders, a third sat cross-legged--- a fourth, lurking like a bird; a fifth, old and venerable; a sixth, plain and simple. At length the emperor appeared: he addressed Mr. Thumb in the language of politeness; but Mr. Thumb said little or nothing in return. The emperor is a little short man, by no means commanding in his appearance, but much like a Lilliputian gentleman. He said to a law lord--- so you are a lawyer are you! and to a young officer, what exploits have you performed? Mr. Thumb did not much admire him. As for ME, indeed, I felt no awe of such a person: I looked upon him as a very wicked man; and I am now quite sure that my opinion was right. Mr. Thumb

thought respectably of one person, yet did not think much of him." (273.)

"Many weeks passed away : as for Mr. Thumb I shall say something about him, as soon as I am done with myself. I was reading the history of a great monarch, of whom I had heard the name, but I pronounce him to have been a miser and a poltroon. My companions were omniscient, and saw every-thing exactly in the right point of view." (274, 276.)

"The emperor of Blefescu, the greatest warrior that the world ever saw, the arbiter of the fate of millions, and absolute master of the lives and fortunes of the people, entered the theatre soon after us. He was received with some applause, but much inferior to that bestowed on Mr. Thumb. (206.) The next morning we went to a gallery of pictures. Mr. Thumb loved the poets, and it follows that he had the soul of a poet : he who has the soul of a poet must feel strongly and discriminate well, in regard to painting. I shall give a list of those most admired by him.

"No. 26. An elegant figure, by the king's painter.

No. 13. A beautiful painting.

Above the door a fascinating group :

Saints of Blefescu.

A charming landscape.

An exquisite outline.

A finished miniature.

"I flatter myself that this statement will serve to guide the taste of the young artist, and initiate him into the true principles of pictorial criticism. By the bye, he who admires a painting or a religious subject, for the richness of its colouring, and the beauty of its outline, must be a pious and virtuous man." (211, 212, 213.)

"I really enjoyed the honor of walking backwards and forwards with a retired patriot and statesman, (309 ;) and was afterwards invited to the country-house of a banker, noted for his wealth, who resided at a distance of three miles from Paris, who amused himself in the calm of the

evening with listening to the last dying-speeches of the unfortunate criminals who awaited on the platform the punishment of their crimes. On one fine still evening of July he distinctly heard the dropping of the *signal handkerchief*." (289.)

"Mr. Thumb was now the great and glorious minister of state; but he was still the same good-natured companion, and felt not so much delight in the society of princes and ambassador, as in my society and conversation. Yet did not the importance of his official duties, obliterate the remembrance of his horn-book or of his earlier studies. I well remember that one delightful evening in the month of August, I was reading to him out of the Nurse's Repository : I repeated with emotion,

" Sing a song of six-pence,
Half-a-peck of rye, and—

Here he interrupted me by saying, you will find something which you like ; tell me when you come to it. I read on—his servant was dressing his hair :

Four and twenty black-birds—

He still eyed me, but now I had arrived at the fourth line---

Bak'd in a pie."

I laid down the book on the sofa ! My mouth watered. He seemed delighted with my participation in his literary and animal tastes. We ordered therefore a black-bird-pie, and found it delicious. Mr. Thumb, I think, though my recollection is not perfect, preferred the wing of the blackbird to the leg, but we both thought the crust was excellent." (393.)

But here we must close our extracts. Though the last scenes of Mr. Thumb's life are detailed with the same modesty and the same powers of expression as are observable in the preceding extracts, we have too much reverence for so great a man to render them accessible

to lounging curiosity. We cherish the remembrance of the illustrious dead with a feeling in which the readers of this Lilliputian memoir will ardently participate; too happy if every Lilliputian biographer were to reserve his literary powers for the celebration of a Thomas Thumb.

ON THE LATE FRACAS

*Between Messrs. Kelly of the Guards and his brother Officers,
respecting an article in the Eighth Number of the SCOURGE.*

Kelly, the soldier, discord raises,
Changing Hyde-park into H—;
Kelly, the vintner, threads the mazes
Of Pucitta in Pall-mall.
Change but their stations, you accomplish
Sportive nature's first design;
And Michael *harmony* restoring,
The Captain drinks his brother's wine!

DR. BRODUM'S INTRIGUES WITH THE COL-
LEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

Sir,

PERMIT me to call your attention to the admission of the celebrated Dr. Brodum, as a medical student, under the tuition of three of the university physicians, who have the care of the Westminster Hospital. The doctor was at first admitted a surgeon's pupil; but Dr. Carlisle, much to his honor, disapproved of the admission, and referred it to the class of students: the young gentlemen at once decided the matter in favor of Mr. Carlisle's opinion.

The physicians assert, in excuse, that they could not refuse a candidate, who had been admitted a doctor by one of the Scotch universities, and who had been ex-

amined and certified, as one duly qualified for that degree, by two eminent practitioners, licentiates of the London college.

When Dr. Brodum was summoned by the London college for examination, he refused to attend, sold his nostrum, and retired from business; but now finding that the president of the Army Medical Board is as ignorant of *camp and contagious diseases* as himself, he conjectures that with a little attention to practice under three such learned doctors as those of the Westminster Infirmary, he may soon be able to present himself before the college, and *by degrees* be exalted to the dignity of its president. If elegant dinners and costly wines will second his pretensions, neither the late nor present possessor of the chair can enter into competition with him; and if money can gain the seat, *that* will not be wanting from Dr. Brodum. The sale of Governor Wall's body, and the certificates he was able to procure for his Scotch degree shew the omnipotence of bank paper.

If, Mr. Editor, by a gentle employment of your lash, you can induce this once respectable college to look on the busts of Sydenham and Harvey, and remember what it *has been*: if you can persuade them to put into execution its well known laws against quacks and quack remedies, you will do the public an important service: for it has been observed with truth, that the most celebrated remedies usually prescribed are derived from empirics, and are not the discoveries of any member of the college; that James's Powder, Misauban's pill, the Black Opiate Drop, and the Eau Medicinale, are admitted into their practice, and will find a place in the next edition of their Pharmacopeia.

It is not improbable if Dr. Brodum's case be established as a precedent, that we may live to see a quack doctor preside in Warwick-lane. In the church, we have seen physicians become archbishops; and in the law, we have known soldiers become chancellors: and what should prevent a nostrum-monger from becoming the head of the College of Physicians?

The honor and dignity of the English universities are descanted on in every action the college brings into court; and however worthily these attributes might be supported in the times of Sir Richard Mead and other eminent physicians, of late years no honor or dignity has been conferred on those seats of learning by the College of Physicians. If you can induce them to wipe away the disgrace of tutoring a quack doctor, aged forty-five, to be one of their licentiates, it will save much inconvenience to those future censors, before whom the examination of Dr. Brodum's pretensions might be brought.

As for the hospital under the medical superintendents of which he obtained his tuition, Dr. P. is a junior physician, chosen to the situation for want of a more proper candidate. The senior doctors leave the poor of this charity during the summer months to the care of the junior doctor. He in his turn leaves it to Dr. Buchan, son of the author of Domestic Medicine, and the governors on the day of admission allow this *alienus homo* to do the duty of the three physicians! No wonder that Brodum looks up to regular employment, when he observes such examples of negligence or mismanagement.

Drs. Saunders and Babington signed Dr. Brodum's certificate, without which he could not obtain his Scotch degree. Dr. Babington was at first apothecary to Guy's Hospital, but on resigning that station, was elected surgeon and chemical lecturer. Last week, he resigned his place to Dr. Cholmondeley, who was the assistant physician; and when the younger candidates hoped that some one from among themselves would have succeeded to the vacant situation, it was found that the two doctors had changed places; and that Dr. Babington, after resigning his situation as principal, had accepted the place of assistant physician!

Can this exchange have been effected without a bargain? and if money will do this in a liberal profession how can real abilities be preferred or rewarded?

Nov. 20th.

MEDICUS.

Mrs. C———.

WHEN we devoted so much of our attention to the antiquated Messalina of Sloane-street, we were stimulated to a minute delineation of her character, by the hope that to outstrip her in the career of vice, was beyond the power of fashionable emulation. Having traced an elaborate sketch of what we had conceived to be the acmé of female depravity, we were preparing to throw aside the pencil and pallet of the satirical limner, and to content ourselves either with playful sarcasm, or general strictures on the prevailing foibles of polished society; when all our recollections were excited, and all our feelings as the guardians of morality called into expression, by the re-appearance in her well-known box of the chosen companion of A——, the infamous and notorious Mrs. C. It was then, that we first acknowledged the possibility that indecency more flagrant, and vice more obtrusive than marked the conduct of the Abbess of * * * *, might obtain access to the notice of the great, and be courted by the wives and daughters of our nobility. Confessing, as we had always done, the predominance of attractive manners and female loveliness over the most exalted virtue and the most commanding talents, we had almost forgotten, during the absence of Mrs. C. that a combination of inelegance and depravity, of obtrusive impertinence and invincible stupidity, might obtain a pre-eminence, which even the fascination of a Hamilton would be insufficient to endanger, and the accomplishments of a Cavendish Bradshaw be unable to eclipse.

For this exaltation she has been partly indebted to the notice of A——, but chiefly to her own expertness at intrigue, and to that unblushing effrontery, which shrinking from no discouragement, is insensible to the most gross and premeditated insults; and feels no reluctance to repeat an unwelcome visit, or to renew unacceptable attentions. She is acquainted with the secret history of every family

within the circle of the dowager's chariot ; and as she is the willing instrument of half the adulterous intrigues that amuse the winter evenings of the votaries of Venus, she outrivals the Bon Ton Magazine itself, or even the cabinet of Lord P. in her collection of amorous histories. To her cooperation in the pursuits of her female friends, she is indebted for her landaulet, her faithful knight of the shoulderknot, *alias* " a serving man, who wears gloves in his cap," and to the princely present that on nights of festivity adorns her private table.

The indiscretion of a relative has subjected her, it must be confessed, to many unpleasant inconveniencies. To give parties, without the power of entertaining them ; and to have routs without refreshments, is the necessary consequence of being merely the name-sake to a man who, unable to pay his own debts, has been cruelly punished for neglecting to pay those of his sovereign. In the manufacture of accommodation bills, she has always maintained a convenient understanding with the countess ; and her purchases of plate and books, not unfrequently become the furniture of an auction-room, within twenty-four hours after their delivery at her residence.

Major F. a brave, generous, and handsome Hibernian, became in 1809 the companion of her solitary hours. With him she paid an occasional visit to S. where the fair mistress of the mansion told her tale of love to a young clergyman, the curate of a neighbouring parish, and fellow of ——— College, Cambridge. The countess observed the personal attractions of the major with some degree of emotion, and less than a week after their arrival Mrs. C. detected the infidelity of her paramour. She had persuaded him to sell his commission and lend her half the purchase-money, on condition of obtaining for him a captaincy in the Guards. She had now a two-fold mode of revenge : she retained the money as a gift, and leaving the major to obtain another commission as he was able, seduced the divine from his allegiance to the countess, who chagrined more severely than ever, obtained his suspension from the curacy, and told

him that since he had been "so foolish as to resign his fellowship trusting to her promises, he might have had the prudence to act in such a manner as might have conduced to their fulfilment ; but that since he had chosen to be unfaithful, it was her pleasure that he hastened his departure."

Trifles like these, however, have no power to disturb convenient friendships ; and they still continue to participate in the spoils of the credulous and the favors of the young. It must be acknowledged that Mrs. C—— has the superiority in personal attraction ; but her family connections are not so exalted as those of the countess, nor her interest equally necessary to lieutenants, doctors of medicine, aspirants after parliamentary distinction, lawyers without practice, and swindlers without dupes.

The writer of this article still remembers with a mixture of astonishment and derision, his first introduction (unknowing and unknown) to the female gamester of Portman-street. Her circle will convey some idea of the delicacy of sentiment, and the regard to external propriety, which influence Mrs. C—— and her exalted friend in their selection of associates. The most conspicuous personage was Major S——, the celebrated friend of credulous tradesmen ; Col. C——, who obtains his subsistence by purchasing broad cloth, and then conveying it to the brokers ; Mrs. C——y, the favored protégée of an exalted personage ; Mr. D. the dramatist ; L. P.—— Esq. ; an actress more remarkable for her whining than her chastity ; Dr.——, a lover of his own music, and a subscriber to his own productions ; the Countess of L. and Lord H. ; Mrs. S. herself, and A——. Of so motley an assemblage, one half were degraded below, and the rest exalted above their proper level. But on our return from this extraordinary scene, our surprize was abated on learning the purposes for which they had assembled. The hostess, Mrs. C., A——, the colonel, and the major, had met for the purpose of raising supplies. P. L. was the gallant of the hostess, and the *Dramatist* of Mrs. C. ; and Lord H. and the Countess of L. were the dupes of fraudulent depredation !

THE COMPLAINT OF TWO UNFORTUNATE LADIES.

SIR,

IN the unfortunate persons who now presume to claim your compassionate consideration, you behold the once exalted objects of kingly favor and popular admiration; to whose service the loftiest poets and the brightest wits were content to devote their talents; and in whose praise criticism was wont to dwell with the raptures of enthusiasm. Courted by the gay, beloved by the virtuous, and admired by the judicious, we participated in the distinctions of each other, and felt only the rivalry of friendly emulation: in our days of humble fortune, when all who cultivated our society or paid homage to our charms, were attracted by the native brilliance of unadorned truth, or simple and unembellished nature, we were partners in humiliation and distress; and when the increasing opulence of the British nation had erected to our reception two noble palaces, in which with appropriate splendor we might hold our court, we still retained the habits of our early years: we shared with alternate sway the applause of the people, and the favors of its nobles and its sovereign; and while Thalia attracted by her elegance, Melpomene commanded by her frown.

But revolution, Mr. Editor, is so common in these eventful times, that you will not be astonished if we participated in the vicissitudes of every object that surrounded us. The French Directory had scarcely been established, before we were driven from our palaces: the scenes of our former glory were sometimes converted into the habitations of buffoonery, and sometimes into *dog-kennels*; sometimes we were condemned to wander about the country, while our places of legitimate residence were converted into Chinese pagodas, or Peruvian temples; and if repressing our disgust and forgetting our former dignities, we sometimes ventured to appear in *propriis personis*, or

condescended to a momentary association in the mummerly that surrounded us, the observers testified by their rudeness how much they should be gratified by our absence, and how sincerely they regarded us as a burthen to the scene.

In circumstances like these it was almost without regret that we witnessed the conflagration of our favorite residence: by its destruction we were relieved from the annoyance of many inveterate enemies; and when we were not called upon to sustain the insults of a Drury-lane rabble, we were welcome to the closets of the intelligent, and the family parlours of the virtuous. But now, Sir, arose a new and unexpected mode of torment, more insupportable than any other which we had yet endured. The great and the wealthy, who had no longer an opportunity of visiting us in public with so much convenience or facility as before the destruction of one of our habitations, and unable to appreciate our worth, began to conceive that we might be moulded into amusing companions to themselves, and very pretty play-things for their children: we were therefore dragged down to Stow, and Chiswick, and Stanmore, to contribute to the entertainment of the masters and misses of their noble proprietors, by whom we were buffeted about, and mangled and debased in every variety of form and with unremitting perseverance. We were even made the instruments of adulterous intrigue, and the panders to incontinence. From this deplorable mode of treatment we have not yet entirely escaped, but are doomed to occasional inflictions of all that impertinence can conceive, and stupidity excite.

At length our views were directed to brighter objects, and we began to anticipate our reiteration to all the glories of our former eminence. The liberal and enlightened classes of the community came forward with their contributions towards the re-erection of our Covent Garden residence, on the express condition that it should be exclusively devoted to our use, and its funds be applied only to our necessities. The persons to whom

a trust so important were committed, professed the highest reverence for our persons, and the most fervent anxiety for our interests; and those who had been lately content to enjoy our conversation in their closets, looked forward to the approaching period, when they should visit us once more in all the triumph of renovated splendor.

But our expectations were doomed to the most unexpected and the most bitter disappointment. Scarcely was the building completed, before it was discovered that many parts of it were of a form and nature well calculated for intrigue; that a foreign lady was to be the goddess of the scene; that beneath the guardianship of our trustees, none of our most respectable friends were to be admitted to our presence without a considerable addition to the usual *douceur*. Our partizans and admirers were seized with alarm and indignation: by complying with the demands of the trustees, they obtained admission to the interior of the palace: when they expressed their sentiments in language that no stupidity could misunderstand, and no tyranny repress; the trustees brought forward several very respectable persons to prove that without the pecuniary advance their situations were unprofitable, and that for many years they had laboured solely for our good and the gratification of the public; but the statement was far from satisfactory: for fifty nights our habitation was the scene of uproar and indecency; nor did it entirely subside till the lady was dismissed, the receptacles of supposed intrigue were thrown open to our regular visitors, and the trustees had repeated their professions of respect for our persons, and their determination to protect our rights and support our interests.

The insolence indeed and the misguided obstinacy of the trustees, had been in some degree occasioned by the destruction of our Drury-lane habitation, and the consciousness that we could not receive our visitors, but under their superintendence. Tranquillity was however restored, and we began to hope that we were firmly and

peaceably established in our favourite abode: for some time our expectations and the hopes of the public were fulfilled; we received the daily homage not only of the noble, the wealthy, and the enlightened, but of the English populace. We were in fact the objects of general and enthusiastic admiration; and the trustees and doorkeepers were rapidly accumulating the rewards of discretion and good faith, when a sudden revolution in their conduct at once degraded us from the eminence on which we stood, excited the deepest affliction in the bosoms of our friends, and subjected themselves to expences which however disproportionate to their receipts were utterly superfluous.

Having previous to the destruction of the palace, ventured on the experiment of converting it into a poulterer's shop, and committed it to the superintendence of Mother Goose, they now conceived the almost incredible idea of converting it into a *riding-house*; in which our attendants were compelled under pain of dismissal to herd with mares, and become the companions or the lacqueys of well-bred stallions. It is true that thousands of people flocked to witness their exploits; but the trustees received almost as ample remuneration from our visitors, without the same hazard or expence.

Alternately excluded from the splendid scene of our former glories, or only endured by the admirers of its equine exhibitions, we have been of late condemned to retire to a mean and paltry habitation in the Haymarket, of which the landlords are engaged in perpetual broils, and where our attendants are few, and generally disgraceful to our reputation. We have nominally, indeed, a residence in the Strand; but from thence we are frightened away by the impertinence of stripling dukes, and the continual screaming of a Peacock. Our names are heard in the neighbourhood of Tottenham-street, but the persons who assume our titles are downright impostors, as we have never visited that quarter of the town: as for all the other places of entertainment they entirely disclaim us.

From your exertions, Mr. Editor, we had entertained great hopes of relief, if not of absolute restoration; because though your attentions towards us have only been casual and unconnected, you have let fall several incidental observations, which demonstrate that we are not unknown to you, and that you participate in our sufferings. To your gallantry, therefore, as well as to your integrity, have we at length been excited to appeal by the melancholy intelligence of an event, which if it should not be averted, must render all our future attempts to regain the attachment of the public, hopeless or ineffectual. It is with horror and reluctance we assure you, that our late abode is about to be converted into a menagerie; and that an *elephant* is now in training under the direction of Mr. Polito, which is expected to engross that attention and those honors, that in the time of Garrick were exclusively devoted to us: already has he been taught to throw a six pounder into the air, and catch it with his snout; the paste-board castles in which his majesty's servants are to be borne aloft are nearly completed; and the legs of the *late* principal elephant in Blue Beard, have already been discharged! So far, indeed, are the preparations advanced, that we are afraid to venture *homewards*, lest we should be taken unawares and trampled under foot by a regiment of animals, with an elephant in their rear, and a monkey at their head! From a fate like this, oh valiant knight, step forth to save us; and the shades of Shakespeare and Congreve shall hover round the couch, and inspire the eloquence, of THE PROTECTOR of

THALIA AND MELPOMENE.

THE POLITICAL OBSERVER.

THE mistaken policy of the present administration has been strikingly exemplified in the proceedings against the Catholic Delegates, and the acquittal of the editor of the Independent Whig. On the former subject, our present limits will not permit us to dilate; and we only mention the good fortune of Mr. White, as affording additional weight to the observations we have so repeatedly advanced, on the *impolicy* (leaving cruelty and injustice unregarded) of prosecutions for libel. By the activity of the attorney-general, Mr. Finnerty has been extricated from embarrassment, and exalted into consequence; Mr. Hunt has been enabled to treble the circulation of the Examiner; and Mr. White has obtained for himself an apology for a subscription, and for Sir Francis Burdett, and his friends, another opportunity of inflammatory harangues.

The tour of Napoleon, his temporary residence at Antwerp, and the report of the naval preparations in the Scheldt, have excited alarm in the sensitive editors of our evening journals, for the continuance of our maritime superiority. We are willing to admit that whatever the genius and abilities of Napoleon can effect, will be done towards restoring the Dutch and the French navy. But if we are to judge of what he can do in the Netherlands towards the restoration of the French marine, by what he has already done in France, our apprehensions need not be excited to any formidable extent. He has long been master of all the resources of the northern powers; the arsenals of the whole continent have been at his command; the ports of Holland have afforded every facility to maritime equipments: yet what has he done? A single provincial port in Great Britain carries on more trade, absorbs more capital, and employs a greater number of sailors, than are at this instant subject to the torpid touch of this sanguinary despot. How far even the means of annoy-

ance he possesses, can be brought into actual service, has been strikingly exemplified in the famous expeditions of Murat; who with all the advantages to be derived from having his enemy in sight, and almost within cannon-shot, with troops practised every evening in the preparatory steps of embarkation and disembarkation, with a thousand vessels and thirty thousand men proceeded to Sicily, and was defeated in his plans by an insignificant portion of the British navy. Supposing Bonaparte to have created a navy, can he create sailors? What nursery has even Holland afforded for them, during the last ten years? and how is he to supply the places of the miserable multitudes who languish in our prisons?

That a change of system has taken place in the cabinets of the northern powers, depends exclusively on the statements of stock-jobbing speculators. The Russian court is affected by feelings and apprehensions unfavorable to the views of Napoleon; but the emperor is destitute of spirit and constancy: his own determinations vary with every momentary impulse; and the amiable qualities that he does possess, are subdued into inactivity by the predominating influence of his mistresses and parasites. We approved of the forbearance of our ministers towards Russia, till it was ascertained whether her enmity was incidental or systematic; but now that she has proved the sincerity of her hostile measures by their continuance, our retaliation should be as vigorous as our self-possession has been commendable. Did the existence of Russia depend on her subservience to the views of Bonaparte, we might continue to lament that weakness which our feelings would not suffer us to punish; but her hostility is in fact dictated by no imminent necessity: she is a deliberate, determined enemy; coinciding with the French cabinet from selfish motives, without even the excuse of irritation; and only differs from France, as the receiver differs from the thief, or the shop-lifter from the highwayman. Some demonstrations of vigorous reta-

liation on our parts would intimidate the hostile powers of the Baltic, and confirm the friendly in their attachment. Petersburg is not less open to an attack by sea than the principal towns of Sweden and Denmark: the destruction of a palace, or the conflagration of a street would frighten Madam R.; and to her fears the Russian empire itself would be thought a trivial sacrifice. The fate of nations has more than once depended on the caprices of a prostitute; but without trusting to the weakness of Alexander, an attack on St. Petersburg would certainly be an impressive lesson to him and his courtiers. Since Gustavus the third was under the walls of the Russian capital, its inhabitants have been unacquainted even with the sound of warfare: from the violence of Bonaparte they believe themselves secured by the almost interminable forests and desolate plains, through which he would have to lead an army, in the face of a hardy soldiery, able even in inferior numbers to harass or impede every furlong of his march, and even without hazarding their own recruits to cut off the sources of subsistence. When once they heard the thunder of the British navy, they would feel, in addition to their former conviction of impolicy, the sense of immediate and inevitable danger; and would naturally compare the prompt and decisive mode of vengeance which it was in our power to adopt with the necessary tardiness of French hostility. While the court was intimidated by the sense of present danger and disgrace, the discontent excited among the people by their former privations, would be exasperated by the experience of actual misery, into that turbulence of sentiment which is natural to semi-barbarians, and occasionally overawes even the policy of despotism.

The patriotism of the Whigs is beginning to evaporate, and instead of adoring the Prince Regent "as the rising sun of English happiness," his former worshippers are scarcely able to repress the murmurs of outrageous discontent. The accession of George the fourth is now viewed in distant prospective: and the Regent has not yet satisfied their

appetite for places and pensions. It is not a little entertaining to listen to the hints and exclamations of individuals, who about six months ago were filled with "extatic rapture," and gratulatory enthusiasm, to hear them gravely assert that disease is hereditary, and that the *beauteous* prince (as the *Morning Post* calls a lusty gentleman of fifty) is more addicted to good eating than to political enquiries, and much more attached to his bed than to the presence of his ministers. That he is a convert to the Pittites we confidently believe : yet scarcely a year has elapsed, since the following statement found a conspicuous place in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*.

"The Prince, in returning thanks for the mark of respect to the object of his pride and tenderness, said, in a short but most eloquent address, that he had made it his first care to instil into the mind and heart of his daughter the knowledge and love of the true principles of the British constitution ; And he had pointed out to her young understanding, as a model for study, the political conduct of his revered and lamented friend, Mr. Fox ; who had asserted and maintained, with such transcendant force, the just principles upon which the government, under this excellent constitution, ought to be administered, for the true and solid dignity of the crown, and the real security, freedom and happiness of the people. He had the most heartfelt enjoyment in knowing, that even in her present early years, his daughter had a just conception of the value of the precepts which had been implanted in her breast ; and he could say, with confidence, that she would fulfil all the duties which she might be called upon to discharge, when his bones were laid in the grave."

To the wisdom of Lord Castlereagh, the nation is indebted for the enervation of its armies on the plains of Portugal. We have the *best* authority, for asserting that twenty-four thousand of the British troops are accounted as sick, and that the prevalence of disease is al-

most exclusively owing to the intermixture with the other troops, of those who had recovered from the Walcheren fever. Whether our efforts on the continent of Europe be successful or unsuccessful, they will teach us at least, what errors might be fatal, were the battle raging on our native shores; and habituate us to those habits of official regularity, to the absence of which the death and debility of so many of our chosen troops must be ascribed. Yet Lord Castlereagh prosed in the house of commons, while Finnerty is immured in a prison!

The ministerial papers are endeavouring to apologize for the retention in our service of foreign troops, on the ground of their good behaviour on several late occasions. But, unfortunately, though these troops may fight with great bravery abroad, they must reap the rewards of their victories in England. The sophistry of the *Morning Post* will never overcome the well-founded prejudices of the English people. The employment of foreign troops is a subject upon which, notwithstanding the violence of the attorney-general, men of the most undisputed loyalty and attachment to their country, may differ in opinion, without compromising the one, or exciting suspicion of the other. For our own parts we declare ourselves decidedly hostile to the introduction of foreigners in any considerable numbers into this country; and we are still more unfriendly to the principle of foreigners being employed to command Englishmen. The history of the world does not furnish a single instance in which the liberties of a country have been successfully defended by mercenaries; but there is not one nation existing in Europe, which cannot furnish the example of its liberties having been either destroyed or endangered by them. We are not disposed, however, to quarrel with ministers for employing the Spaniards and the Portuguese to defend their own territories: we only mean to contend that mercenaries should not be employed either in the defence of our own country, or in any manner that may tend to break down and humiliate the spirits of our native sol-

diers; a spirit which *of itself* enables them to cope with the veterans of France, and inspires them with a just and lofty sense of their own superiority.

NEWSPAPER EDITORS AND PARLIAMEN-
TARY REPORTERS.

SIR,

THE strictures of your correspondent on the conduct of the parliamentary reporters, and the character of the political journalists, display a singular combination of ignorance and uncharitableness. If we may judge from the earnestness of manner with which he delivers his opinions, he is still writhing from the merited infliction of literary punishment; and because he has endured the severity of insulted criticism, he consoles himself, like the inhabitants of Newgate, by railing against all the ministers of justice as rogues and vagabonds.

It is easy to declaim about the insignificance of newspaper editors, to affect derision of their daily or weekly exertions, and to force a smile at the pretended simplicity of their readers. But these artifices are generally understood, and degrade only the person who employs them. The individual whose talents have exalted him to supreme dominion over the opinions of many thousands of his fellow creatures, or even whose situation enables him to sway a large proportion of the educated classes, may be very profligate in his morals and very repulsive in his manners, but he cannot be contemptible.

The pecuniary rewards of exertion in political literature, as well as the distinctions which it obtains, are in no degree adequate to the talents it requires, or the labour it demands. Ability unassisted by accident will not elevate its professors above the rank or emoluments of a journeyman essayist: to become the proprietor of a successful journal, is seldom the lot of the most unre-

mitted industry, or the most eminent qualifications ; and dependence on the Byrnes and the Perrys must (without any disparagement to these gentlemen) be of all dependence the most horrible.

It surely cannot be asserted that to entertain or enlighten the public in the columns of a newspaper requires less talent or assiduity than to obtain distinction in a regular profession. That very rapidity of succession which abstracts so much from the dignity and importance of diurnal writing, renders its composition more arduous, and calls forth all the powers of the intellect. A downright plodder with some portion of acuteness may usually look forward, at the end of his legal studies to a respectable establishment ; but the daily instructor of the public, who, to be merely equal to his task, must unite methodical habits with great variety and accuracy of knowledge, versatility and originality of genius, brilliance of wit and facility of composition, may labour on from year to year in the most wearisome of all employments, without finding himself at any point of his career less dependent than at its outset.

It is the natural result of an employment like that of the parliamentary reporters, that their habits should be irregular ; but irregularity that does not arise from profligacy of character, but from the necessities of business deserves not to be visited with disapprobation or distrust. Personally unacquainted with the gentlemen who are engaged in this arduous employment, I can only draw my conclusions from a consideration of the duties they perform ; and to me it appears that the accuracy for which our parliamentary reports are so remarkable, could never be obtained but by men who possess in a remarkable degree the virtue of sobriety. The debates are written not only with correctness but with eloquence : on many occasions it must have required far more splendid talents to report the speeches than to make them ; and the hearers of Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Fuller, must frequently be compelled to acknowledge that *comparisons are odious*.

If therefore a profession be respectable in the direct ratio of its difficulty and its usefulness, that of the parliamentary reporter is not less honorable than what are usually called the liberal professions : and the same mode of estimating their appropriate rank in society is equally applicable to their brethren the essayists. After mentioning indeed the names of Burke and Erskine, it would be worse than useless to reply to all your correspondent's observations, or to adduce any additional proofs that mediocrity of fortune is not synonymous with demerit ; or that a writer is not necessarily stupid, profligate and illiterate, because his letters are not sealed with a bloody hand, nor embellished with the Lichfield post-mark.

Yours, faithfully,

A FRIEND.

EPIGRAM.

SLOANE STREET CHARITY.

Honora can't her fears suppress,
Lest she should ever *see distress* ;
And lest her fears prove true, the poor
Are always driven from her door.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri ;
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes.

THE judgment and consistency of a British public, and the candor, the learning, and the discernment of its periodical guides in the paths of criticism, have this month been forcibly exemplified. One dramatic production has been discountenanced by the critics, because it was ascribed to an obnoxious father ; and received with coolness by the audience, because it was destitute of puns, and deficient in buffoonery ; while the others have been damned without appeal : the one because it was what it professed to be, a vehicle for songs, and not a legitimate drama, and the other, because its author was a peer.

On the morning subsequent to the first representation of "The Kiss," the fashionable editors were "deeply afflicted" with the degradation of our national taste ; and "could not but lament that language so vile, and incidents so common-place," should have obtained a momentary indulgence from even the warmest admirers of its author. The blank verse of our ancient writers, they were pleased to observe, was easy, forcible and flowing : Mr. Clarke had only shewn his presumption in attempting to snatch its graces and imitate its beauties ; and his style and versification had, therefore, no more resemblance to those of Massinger or his contemporaries, than the discord of a hurdy-gurdy to the music of a harp ! In a few days it appeared from the confession of its reviser, that this production, "having no resemblance to any composition of our established authors," was one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Beaumont and Fletcher. Recourse was now had to the charge of garbling, and when that accusation was refuted, "truly the question was not worth disputing." The critic of *The Times* alone had the taste or good fortune to praise the versification, and to ascribe some interest to the plot, while he thought that the piece might be improved by simplifying the concatenation of the incidents, and giving a more immediate sequence to the *denouement*. The other journalists were drawn into the snare, and had then the assurance to abuse the author for his stratagem ; though we have no doubt that unaided by his disclosure, they would have continued to wonder at *so wretched an imitation*, at proper intervals, for the remainder of the season.

Unfortunately for Mr. Stephen Clarke, his name-sake, Mr. Hewson Clarke, is supposed to have some connection with the *Scourge* : to him the "Kiss" was ascribed by Mr. Anthony Pasquin, the critic of the Morning Herald, and the brethren who had shared with him in our satirical infliction. So favorable an opportunity of critical revenge

was not to be lost: Dr. Williams declared the play to be abominable; and he and his companions, after inditing their respective *scribbles*, retired to enjoy the luxuries of cannaster and *twopenny*, well satisfied with the labours of the evening. Interested as we are in the good name of our publication, we shall never be ashamed of owning as a coadjutor, a gentleman who is only a bad writer where Beaumont and Fletcher are *wretched drivellers*; and who is only an object of disapprobation to critics, who mistake the blank verse of our ancient dramatists for "spurious and miserable doggrel."

Of "The Rejection," so execrably performed and so expeditiously damned, we can say no more than it was exactly on a level with those celebrated productions "Mr. H." and "Whistle for it;" but that excellence would not have saved it from condemnation. Having found the noble author less obsequious or less liberal than *common* dramatists, the performers were resolved to convince him that the success of a farce does not exclusively depend on its writer: and "The Rejection" was received with vehement opposition because it was the production of the duke of D——

COVENT GARDEN.—When we take a review of the dramatic history of the last ten years, and compare the pieces that have replenished the treasuries of the respective theatres with Mr. Dibdin's unfortunate attempt, it is difficult to refrain from laughter at the folly of the public, or forbear lamenting with some degree of vehemence the ill fortune that has attended the author of "Up to Town." Compared with the "Green-eyed Monster" Mr. Dibdin's production is perfection itself; and how can the different modes in which these two pieces have been received be accounted for, but by supposing that the servants of the public, like our domestic menials, are neglected in proportion to the length of their services; that novelty is a necessary passport to encouragement; and nonsense in a young and untried adventurer shall claim an indulgence that is not granted to established talent? That Mr. Dibdin's production was abstractedly good, we do not mean to assert; but many things have been received with applause in the course of the last and the present season, that were infinitely worse. One of its principal characters, that of a *gardening* lawyer, is perfectly original, and more than usually effective; the puns are good enough for an opera; and though the business of the underplot was too languid and complicated, the progression of the principal scenes displayed Mr. Dibdin's perfect acquaintance with stage effect. The damnation of the piece may be ascribed to the combination of its own demerits with the endeavours of a predetermined party. The succession of two songs from Mrs. Child and Miss Feron, without the intervention of dialogue, the unfortunate interpolation for such we have reason to consider it) of Liston, who exclaimed to old Jovial "Is it yourself or your son?" the obstinate refusal of Fawcett to come forward on the *encore* of "Peter Pallet," all conspired towards the condemnation of the piece; but it cannot be dis-

puted that its fate was hastened by the exertions of a considerable party stationed in the house expressly for the purpose of prejudging it.

As the poetry of an unsuccessful opera is seldom remembered beyond the night of its dismissal, we shall give two of Mr. D.'s more prominent songs a place in our pages.

GEORGE.—*Mr. Sinclair.*

“ Tell me, Eliza, must I yield
That lovely hand, that heart refin'd;
And, unrepining, leave the field,
To rivals, wanting sense or mind?
Say, shall this form, that face, those eyes,
Be some uncultur'd rustic's prize?
Can such thy fond attention prove,
Forbid it Fate! Forbid it Love!”

“ Tell me, Eliza, on that breast,
Which gently heaves with feeling's glow,
Unconscious, shall a clown be blest,
Who half your worth can never know;
What, though his heart be just and true,
Will manners rude suffice for you?
Such union shall Eliza prove?
Forbid it Fate! Forbid it Love!”

GLEBE.—*Mr. Emery.*

“ As cunning as Foxes, than Yorkshire more keen,
Or the tools of a stone-cutter's sawyer,
Are those silver-tongued gentry, you guess who I mean;
I never says nought of a Lawyer.
With their parchment proceedings,
And perriwig pleadings,
I wish feyther had made me a Lawyer.

“ A strange Doctor our church-yard beginning to fill,
Scandal talk'd, and some folks made resistance;
The Doctor sought Law, the Attorney fell ill,
And each call'd for the other's assistance.
With their perriwig, &c.
“ So the Lawyer took physic, the Doctor paid fees,
The Sexton soon lost his employer,
For the Doctor done up, left the village at ease,
The same day that we buried the Lawyer.
With his parchment, &c

The music, the combined production of Messrs. Reeve, Condell, T. Welsh and Whitaker, was such as we are ashamed to have heard, and hope that we shall never again be destined to endure.

The part of George Jovial, a young gentleman sportsman, full of life, and spirit, and vivacity, was filled by Mr. Sinclair. We are sorry to observe that this gentleman as *an actor* displays no indications of improvement. Why, in the name of his dancing-master, will he always look like a school-boy going to be whipt, or a discarded clerk in search of an engagement? If he do not listen to our advice in time, he will in another season be entitled to the appellation of the *Musical Cymon*, and will be as much at home in the Paradise of Fools, as Braham in the *Dom Daniel* of Tunis.

We have already adduced it as an almost insuperable objection to a third theatre, that it would render the performers more independent of the managers than is due to their merits, or consistent with the public interest. Even in the present depressed situation of the drama it appears from the statement of Mr. Harris, that Incedon declined an engagement of 20l. a week, unless the managers were willing to conclude it for a term of years; and that Mrs. Dickons, who had originally consented to accept 18l. a week, afterwards refused to sign the articles, unless she were put, as far as regarded the amount, on a footing with Incedon. We are glad, however, to witness her return; for though it is not true, as her friends have asserted, that since her appearance at the Lyceum, she has repressed her exuberances, and resigned her fantastic flourishes; and though we have not entirely forgotten the O. P. placard, on which was inscribed "*Sing on, native songstress,*" we are pleased with her acting and delighted by her vocal accomplishments. If she were as anxious to please, as she is evidently desirous to astonish, we should think that the managers of Covent-Garden would gratify the public, and do justice to her talents by engaging her at half of the stipulated salary.

The newspapers have been endeavouring to persuade that large majority of their dramatic readers, who never enter within the walls of a theatre, that Mr. Braham has at length returned to nature and himself; that his ornaments no longer encumber but embellish, and that if he persevere in his system of reform he will soon be a very Sinclair in chasteness of decoration. But unfortunately Mr. Braham is always Mr. Braham: a singer of unrivalled science, gifted by nature with every vocal excellence, yet sacrificing his exalted powers to the vain ambition of astonishing the galleries; "*frittering a passion to rags*" in the most scientific of all possible ways; a musical posture-master, who displays his personal graces, not in the majesty of his step, in the grand or pathetic expression of his countenance, or in elegance of attitude; but by leaping over artificial obstacles, insinuating his body through hoops and triangles, and

screwing his face into the resemblance of a funnel. We shall say nothing of his facial expression, because he cannot help it: when he sings like a seraph he looks like a magician.

Mr. Broadhurst, whom some of our readers may remember at the Wells in "The Bee proffers Honey but bears a Sting," has made his appearance on the boards of Covent-garden. A more tantalizing person than this Mr. Broadhurst we do not remember to have heard: he is not entirely without science, nor totally deficient in vocal powers: he just elicits as much of both as makes you wish for more: sometimes in the full tide of song, you catch a glimpse as it were of an exquisite cadence, or delightful swell, or scientific variation; but your hopes are no sooner raised than they are disappointed, and you heartily wish that he were so excellent as to deserve your praise, or so thoroughly bad that you could damn him without absolute injustice.

A Mr. Huntley also, from the Surry Theatre, has enacted (to use the diction of J. Williams, L. L. D.) the essential characters of Fitz-James, in the Knight of Snowdon, and Romaldi, in the Tale of Mystery. This gentleman can only be described by negatives. He is not an idiot or a madman; he is *not* more stiff than Egerton, or more extravagant than Penley; his attitudes are not the most inelegant that we have seen: because we recollect a Mr. May, who appeared at the Haymarket in Octavian; his intonation was not more affected than that of Putnam, without its occasional harmony. Yet with very little aggravation of his faults, all these assertions would be true. After the applause of his Southwark friends has subsided, he will probably resume his engagement with Mr. Elliston.

Of Mrs. Siddons, how is it possible that we should express ourselves in other terms than those of unmingled admiration? Yet we fully coincide in the observations of the "Times" on the *indelicacies* of "Measure for Measure," and are sorry that she should have ventured to personate so inappropriate a character as Belvidera. She is indeed a matron; but a matron beloved with more than uxorious ardor; the object of the most impassioned speeches, and the most ardent appeals to her personal attractions. In other plays, when the female heroine is not supposed to be older than Belvidera, the age of the actress is not so frequently called to mind by the amorous insinuation of the dialogue; and we always witness therefore her Isabella in the "Fatal Marriage," and her Mrs. Beverly in the "Gamester," with unmixed delight and unrevolting attention. In the two last characters, in Catharine, and lady Macbeth, she has full scope even for the most varied exhibition of her powers, and to *these* we hope that she will for the future exclusively devote them.

November 29th, 1811.

W. N. Jones, Printer, Old Bailey, London.



THE BARON AND THE ELEPHANT.

G. Cruikshank fecit